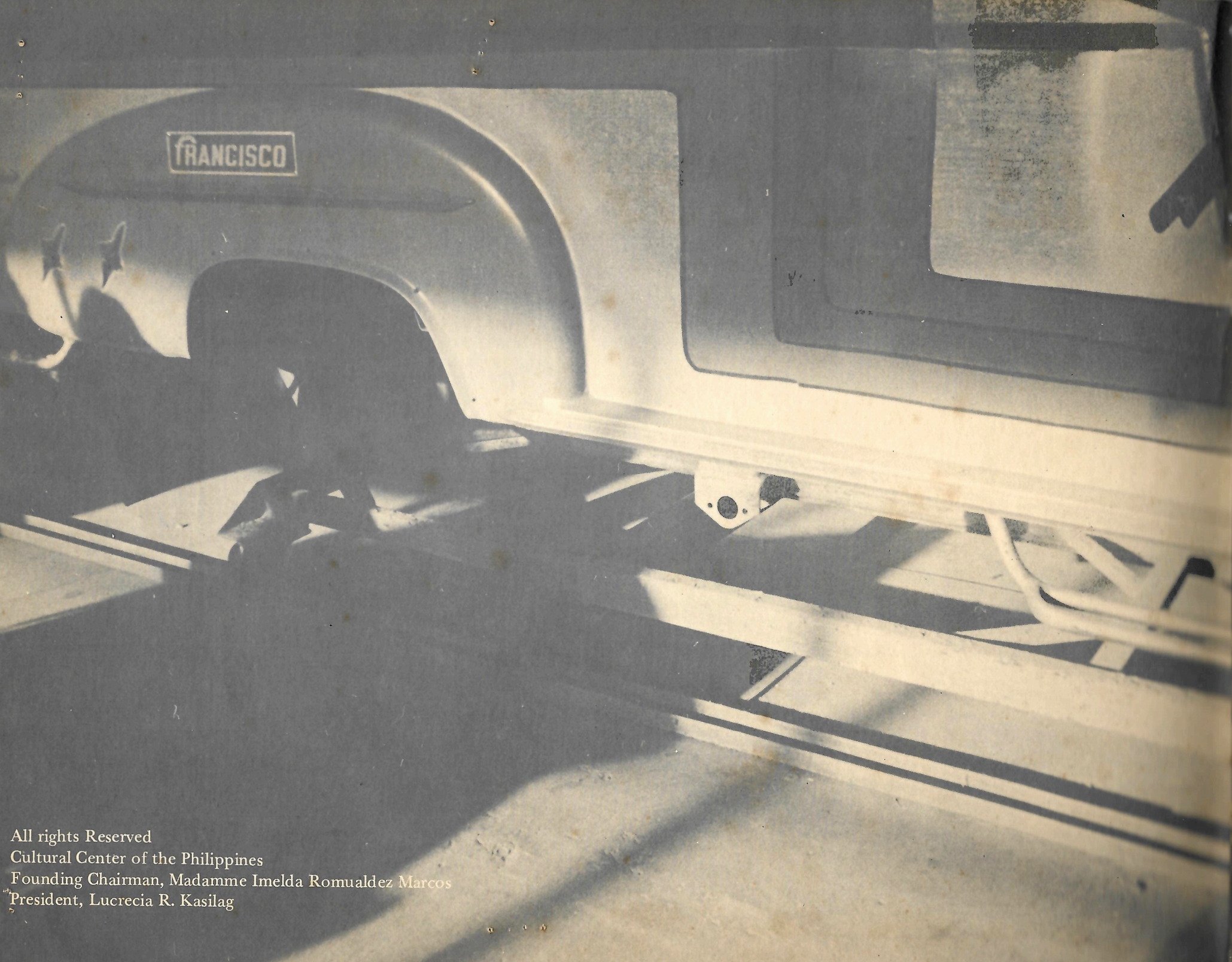
THE 10TH CCP ANNUAL



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Cultural Center of the Philippines
Founding Chairman, Madamme Imelda Romualdez Marcos
President, Lucrecia R. Kasilag

THE 10TH CCP ANNUAL-1985

in cooperation with
FRANCISCO MOTORS CORPORATION

4/87

For Bro. Andrew,

From
July and Marian

with two essays by
MARIAN PASTOR ROCES

dream
LIBERTAD
PAC 314
Love

PREFACE

This year's Annual worked in a sense like a charm! The circumstances were special in many ways notwithstanding that the Museum Department found itself suddenly orphaned of its Director, Raymundo Albano who passed away last August 6. Extraordinary as it was, the theme for this year's exhibition, chosen by Ray as early as 1982 worked a spell on the Museum staff who helped prepare the show, mount more than a hundred artworks including a special installation of Jeepney accessories, and attended to the last-minute details before the opening ' vernissage' .

The jeepney theme afforded a multivelled response not just from the invited artists who submitted works with the jeepney in mind as concept, inspiration, take-off, or subject matter but also elicited an even more amusing response from the staff. A feeling of bayanihan graced the office from the minute the go signal was given to them to organize and prepare for the occasion in concrete. We surmise that it was the familiarity and accessibility of the theme that brought about a relaxed coordination among the staff. It is to them that gratitude ought to be showered. The other departments as well, like the Technical Office under Mr. Monino Duque and Mr. Catsch Katoy; the Public Relations department staff under Ms. Ronni Tapia all pitched in generously to help make the exhibit, especially the opening night, a success.

Special thanks should be given to Mr. Leonardo Sarao for his interviews.

The real highlight of the Annual could not have been possible without the cooperation of Mr. Rey Francisco and his company, Francisco Motors, who also provided us with informaiton, the accessories of the jeepney, and with a touch of savvy, made available to us the services of 3 actual practicing jeepney painters who literally colored the show with authenticity. The cooperation of Francisco Motors was wholeheartedly spirited that the only term we can describe it is *princely!*

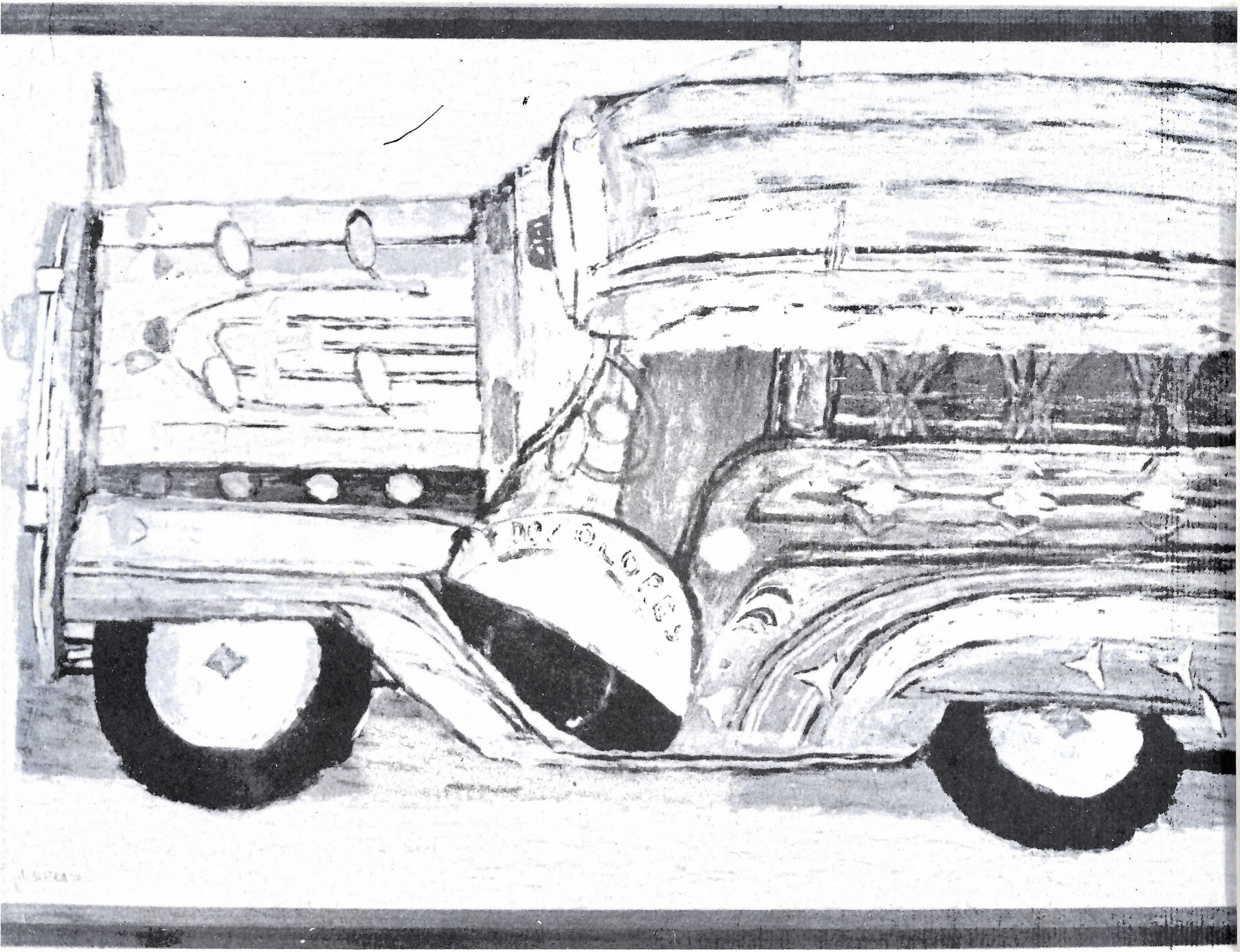
We would like to thank the Philippine Convention Bureau, especially Mr. Danny Corpus for lending us the screen presentation projection equipment that made this annual a multi-media affair.

The President of CCP, Ms. Kasilag gave us her support and expertise by composing special music consisting of jeepney sounds entitled Ekologie VII. It indeed spiced up the opening night.

The catalogue for this year's annual digresses a bit from the usual artists' book produced every year. It is our opinion that the theme demanded a certain amount of explanation. Thus this catalogue provides an extended discourse on the subject and should serve as complement to the visual entries. The essay was written by Marian Pastor Roces whose innovative, broad spectrum, anthropological approach should widen the horizon for artists as well as other mortals with regards to the subject matter.

There were perplexed reactions to the logo at the door with the *papier mache* jeepney containing a portrait of Ray Albano. Many thought the violence of the jeepney smashing (ka-blag!) into the wall as inappropriate. We'd like to think otherwise. We'd like to think the Museum wall as a wall of transcendence and that Ray Albano has finally gone through the wall of matter into the world of spirit. And we would like to thank him for breaking that wall for us and sharing us his spirit with the legacy that he left us.

Nonon Padilla
Museum Curator



JEEPNEY LIMBO

I

Having used jeepneys all my life, I am an expert.

This matter of "expertise" (which promotes chauvinism, I know) immediately seemed to me a matter of enormous importance. I'll have to insist that all the poisonous fumes I have ingested, the lecherous pawing at the bra straps that I have suffered (sometimes grossly enjoyed), the twitter-to-death music which I swear caused me brain damage, the whores, policemen, beatific children, once upon a time a woman totally passed-out from Baclaran to Cubao, students of terrible schools (one serious little girl was once memorizing all the states and capitals of the U.S.), at least one termagant who berated me for sitting with knees apart (but I was wearing pants!), contemplative housewives, newborn babies suckling, all the utterly joyless bodies I have been squeezed between – must be allowed to form a point of view.

Let me therefore say at the outset that the reality of the jeepney grips me – not as fiesta-on-wheels, the super-Pinoy machine with its adorably macho impudence – but as some specie of human crucible. Rather than I apprehending its "meaning", it appears to be I who am its subject. I cannot view it like a specimen: a frog to be dissected, a morsel of haute cuisine to be lolled around savoringly from taste bud to taste bud, or a work of art to be perceived from a distance. The jeepney will not be installed on a pedestal, for a detached contemplation. It is not the Western art object.

Once, I remember with Kafkaesque vividness, there was this huge frightening drop of sweat hanging by a molecule from the tip of a laborer's armpit hair, that dank armpit crowning my head and that Literature's gem of a perspiration bead threatening to quiver and drop any moment in that suffocating, rainy-day flight through Manila's cratered streets. And I thought wow this is a condensed vision right out of Artaud's nightmares, or Sartre's *Nausea.* I fantasized: can you imagine the precision with which Camus or Sartre or Ionesco could have defined an existentialist hell, had they known the jeepney late at night in a typhoon, with the hideous plastic sheathing? But there was no escape into Art. The sweat bead, site of my meditations, dropped on my nose.

True, the jeepney proffers just the right sort of exotica so useful to petit-bourgeois myth-making . The phantasmagoric accoutrements, the drivers' terrorist egos, the stick-on vulgarities, the celebration of excess, the sociological horses, wings and flying *burloloy* indulge the tourist taste for the absurdly different – and the art historian's vocation for seeking or imposing order in any mess. Still, this taste and this vocation are nurtured by *distance.* Neither tourist, pedant nor aesthete has to contend with what the French linguist Lacan calls *Tuche,* which roughly translates as The Occasion, The

Encounter, The Real in its indefatigable expression. Those who can detach and work themselves into euphoria by luxuriating in the jeepney's spectable of barbarisms, position themselves outside the jeepney. Hence their gaze – the pornographics of detail, the mining for meaning, the presumption of negentropy – is illusory.

Is there a way of apprehending the jeepney without exalting its exoticisms, without sterilizing its vexations?

II

Surprisingly, Larry Alcala's caricature portrait of Gorio and His Jeepney was sensitive to the jeepney's eccentric tautology. Much ado about Gorio's foibles and his jeepney as occasion for such frailties – the small, undecorated box of a vehicle as *tableau vivant* for a special Pinoy madness – supplies some useful intelligence. We are entertained by all manner of petty tragedies, proposed as sources of a deadpan humor. Gorio himself was a colorless anonymous entity who drew definition from the life of his jeepney. The cartoonist's "voice" was less concerned with drawing a laugh as with framing a subtle, bizarre vignette.

Following Alcala: the jeepney *is* bizarre. In one typically overloaded jeepney once recently, a cigarette vendor, still a child, flung himself at the rear end and managed to land a half-foot on a few inches of the *estribo*, which is the step for going up to the back of the jeepney. Now, there were already about half a dozen men clinging to the rear bars, each with several inches of foot latched onto the precious *estribo* space. None of them – for this is the rule – will concede an inch. A deeply proprietary man forthwith stepped on the child's tiny, bare toes, and hence contrived to push the child off, literally launching him into space, with the child hanging on to the jeepney by one tiny fist, feet flying. The child didn't think much of it.

There are no real climaxes in a jeepney ride. Highly charged moments there are an abundance of, of course: one can be the victim end of a hold-up (and get shot at, whether or not one is willing to part with wordly possessions), and certainly one can end up as pieces of bloody tissue highlighting a wreckage. The jeepney will plow into a street rally, indifferent to tear gas and other menaces; will get stuck atop a railroad track (predictably, with the train a few

meters away). The driver will often enough loose his brakes, which matter will not throw him into a panic, and will indeed allow him the stage for some slick maneuverings. But these – no matter the life-and-death stakes – are minor consciousness-raising moments in the anaesthesis of prolonged chaos. Violence, terror are worth some exclamations, perhaps some fervent curses – sometimes escalating into indignation or fights, more often merely providing conversation pieces – but these never quite alter the quiet and profound resignation to disorder. The fate of the jeepney, its riders and its driver, is an eternity of casual brutality. This, the sorry cigarette boys knows, but he will not be perturbed. The surreal acceptance of ceaseless savagery really *is* bizarre, if we weren't so inured to it.

But even the word bizarre does not quite connect us successfully to the jeepney's soul. There is a word which is good for conjuring images related to a vale of tears, the dark *yang*, the Tibetan Book of the Dead, Dante's *Inferno,* or an underworld. *Chthonic,* a word often used by Jung, is useful to us I think, as we try to gain a measure of depth into these matters. From the Greek *chthon* or earth, it refers to the spirit of things residing or reigning in an unknown. For chthonic space – a heart of darkness – really does seem like the jeepney's intellectual and existential context. I'll venture that it is only via this notion of concealed depth that the jeepney will be fully known.

We are aware of course of the jeepney's origins in post-World War II Manila. It was mish-mashed together by enterprising souls from left-over "MacArthur-type" U.S. Army jeeps and a few planks of usable wood, in a fit of serendipity quite unlike anything we've seen in modern Philippines. It was configured to move small bunches of people (packed-up like goods, originally six at the back in two rows of three facing each other, and two in front, including driver), in a country totalled by war. Inpired by war detritus – the word *surplus,* taken from surplus military materiel junked in depots in this Pacific theater of the American engagement, remains part of the necessary vocabulary of jeepney talk – the vehicle is a scavanger's survival cell straight out of *Mad Max* (rather than the redemptive *Star Wars).* A wild mutation from an apocalypse, carrying around frightful intimations of death within its oftentimes fancified exoskeleton, the jeepney will always remain conceptually ambiguous; defeat, triumph, optimism, decay. Which is the jeepney?

But by now it is impossible to avoid the jeepney, never mind the nuisances of its nature. We hear its death-rattle sounds (which we distinguish from the *basso profundo* of efficient, powerful engines) even before we see its bravura-gaiety aspect in the mornings; and we know it has been ferrying the marathon laborers since four or five. We either necessarily board it (and hence open ourselves up to its peculiar smorgasboard of provocations), or in cars, avoid it (the proverbial plague of Biblical proportions: maniac drivers like locusts). It assaults us even as it only engages our peripheral vision – either its screaming touch-me-feel-me-See-me protestations sear through our sensoria, or, as in the greater number of jeepneys out there, the very ugliness of the thing, the greasy reptilian scales with leprous loss of rusted-out parts, the essay on terminal decomposition jars our peace. Jeepneys also fill up newspapers, *komiks,* movies, postcards and tourist comehither brochures, TV, advertising images. And late at midnight, the jeepney is still filling the air with cumulous clouds of exhaust, moving, like a giant many-antennaed insect with glowing eyes and nature's iridiscence, foraging in the dark. There is no native or visitor to the Philippines who will exclude the jeepney from the very itineraries of life.

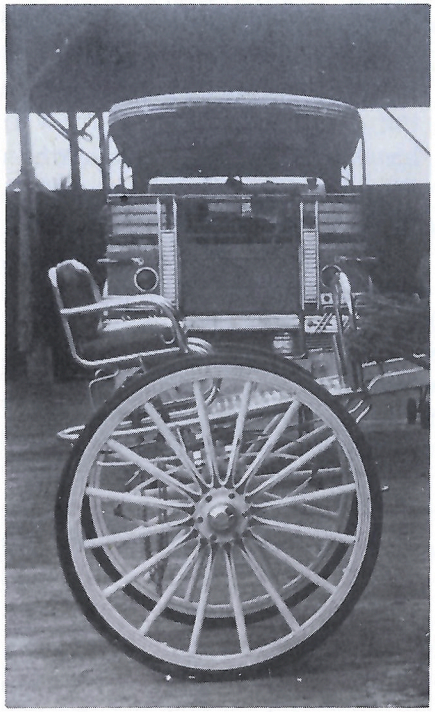
III

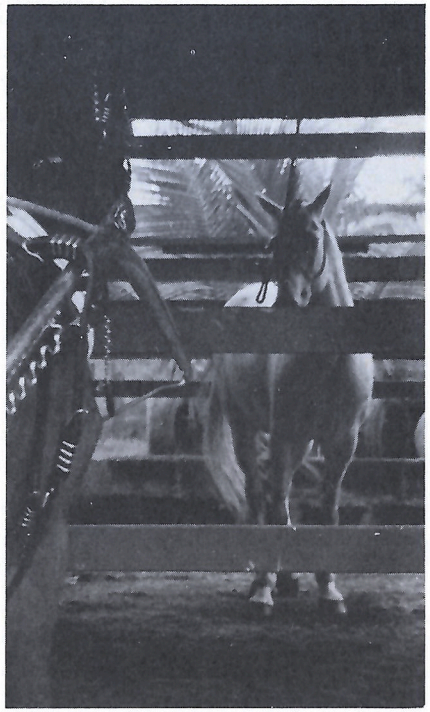
This ubiquity still issues from necessity, perhaps the same necessity it addressed at the end of World War II, only magnified a thousand times over by the dynamics of technological and demographic change. It is now the Philippines' useful thing *par excellence,* supplanting the legendary carabao of our rural/agricultural past. Indeed there is a pronounced, albeit chthonic, revival of the "beast of burden" theme in the jeepney. The animal or creature in co-harness with man, drafted into the harsh life-sustaining tasks, is "humanized". The carabao of the pastoral past and the jeepney of the nostalgic present are invested with the virtues of patience, dignity while toiling, strength, reliability, perseverance, acceptance, loyalty to a master, one-ness with that master. These are the idealized values – and psychic leitmotifs – of farm life resuscitated darkly amid cityscape. Of course, our machine age slave has acquired additional "personality" features – machismo, "rugged individualism", delusions of grandeur–which we can certainly relate to, today. All key words of modern psychoanalysis, these identity markers overlay – without subverting – cultural memories of *bukid* universes. Says the driver, full of Freudian passion and rural sweat-off -my-brow romance: *'Jingle lang ang pahinga!"*

Maybe the carabao is a little far-fetched. Perhaps we should look to the horse, which already is so inevitable a part of jeepney

lore. The first jeepneys were called AC, for auto-*calesa*. Mr. Leonardo Sarao, the ultimate Jeepney King, keeps breathtakingly beautiful thoroughbreds in the backyard of the Sarao works. *"Alam mo, kutsero ako noon"*, says he, settling once and for good, his own and the jeepney's beginnings. No mystery here therefore: the jeepney replaced the *calesa*, which post-war reconstruction rendered hopelessly useless. The shift did not cancel out the animal-as-slave formulation; neither did Ford's Model T, the horseless carriage which ran on horsepower. But I'd like to escape the talk of horse-as-symbol-of-jeepney because the relationships we confront are *not* at all symbolic. If anything, our actual use of the jeepney and the popular conception of its utility, remains firmly (if only partially) imbedded in a rural/agricultural context. Fascinating trivia: there are jeepneys on the island of Hilo in Hawaii, also a post- World War II Pinoy phenomenon, servicing plantation societies of Japanese, Chinese, native Hawaiian and Filipino workers.

Untiring, dependable, the jeepney *is* our work-horse, and the carabao of our stubborn *pastorale* dreams. While it was created in the image of the revolutionary god called Mass Transportation, it was — and remains — animal-scale in its operations. It is best





regarded as a carriage affixed to an exploited zoological creature which happens to be a machine. This creature we will Arriyah! - on through the most godforsaken stretches of road. (For some three years, for instance, only jeepney plodded—flew!— through the Batangas - Taal — Nasugbu "highway" which in that hellish period could very well have been Mare Irium on the moon, where the craters on the landscape ate whole cars. I thought then, during one unavoidable trip, that the jeepney was a mythical beast). This creature we view with fondness. We, pedestrians and scholars "see" in it cocks and other personality-enchancing pets. We affectionately dress it up and on its skin append our names. We suffer its discomforts with some kind of sanctifying resignation, because — in the strange imagination of rural/agricultural societies— the enslaved animal is the enslaved man.

We can never view buses with this sense of connectedness. In the bus is materialized the accurate notion of mass transportation. People are conceived as digits, with exact measures of space allotted to each; these bus riders face forward, the orientation of purposefulness and broad horizons, and they do not have to deal with, or even look at, their fellow passengers. Buses take people over long distances: the enormity of the bus form is analogous to the largeness of its concerns. Not so the jeepney.

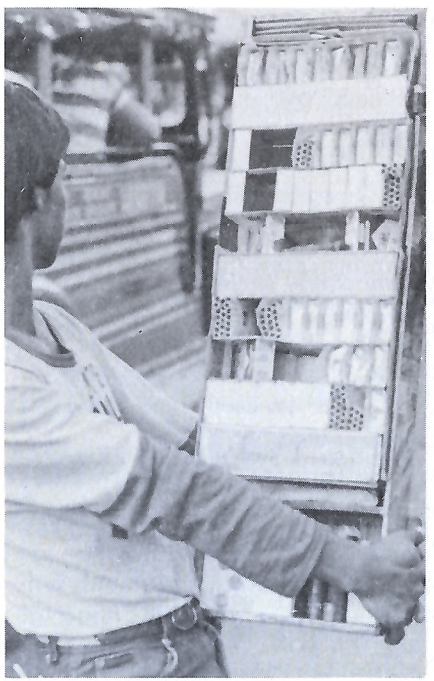
Following its originators' intentions, the jeepney remains a form pegged to the human scale. Hence it constitutes mass transportation only in the sense that there is literally a mass of jeepneys out there — and not in the 20th century sense of moving large numbers of people in large vehicles. Well, the jeepney has accommodated a degree of evolution. The passenger space has over time been lengthened to carry more than the original eight people, but it appears that today's configuration is just about the limit of this lengthening impulse. Any further enlargement is impossible. The idea of *kargang Taal*, the piling on and piling up of human beings atop, hanging onto the rear bars, squatting on haunches in the middle aisle, even half-dangling out of the front *estribo*, is really the correct logic based on the jeepney's form. There is a certain fellowship regarding this moving about and eating dust, the bouncing around of flesh, vulnerability to weather, which is not unlike the experience of riding the cow-drawn *paragos* or a *banca*. The difference is that the jeepney ride represents a specifically Filipino commonality: the communion of all people riding a single jeepney, and viewed in multiples across the breadth of

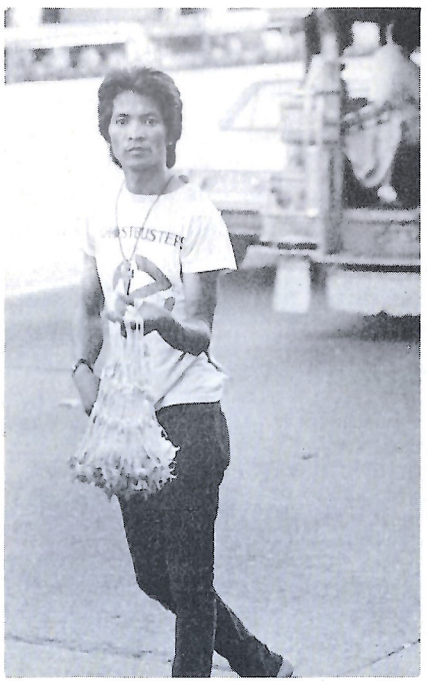
this archipelago, the communion of all these jeepney-riding publics. That communion is a key component of a rather unusual ecology.

IV

It is an ecology of small needs. Consider one by one the humble commerce parasitically connected to the jeepney. There is the "starter", the man whose occupation it is to scream at me, bullying me into the jeepney he has to fill up, and even organizing my position so that the packing-in of people may be accomplished with the *elan* of a sardine canner. For each jeepney he successfully stuffs, he earns one peso. Then there are the children and swarthy adults and shrunken old women who sell miniscule proportions of lowly merchandize: one or two cigarettes and a light, one Juicy Fruit, one *stopa* (rag), one Stork or a handful, one *tuwalya,* one sampaguita lei, one lurid afternoon tabloid. We might include the *tong* collector (the urchin who passes a Chocnut to the driver in exchange for the policeman's secret revenue), the policeman himself who signifies the expected *lagay* or "put" with a rude whistle language (one whistle: P10; two whistles: P20), and the assorted hold-uppers whose special vocation it is to dispossess jeepney passengers of their oftentimes worthless trinkets. (Heard the one about the hold-upper who was so disgusted with his sorry loot of fake jewelry, he re-held-up the girl to make her swallow the fakes?) Don't forget the special jeepney *carinderias,* gas stations (always the seediest), vulcanizing and spare parts stores (always the most ramshackle); the list can go on and on. On Sucat Road, there's this bunch of kids who use the water from the pool of Castrillo's Pieta for a thriving wash - your - jeepney enterprise.

Life according to the Jeepney: this essay on the small-scale is quite comprehensive. Jeepney behavior is equally idiosyncratic and indifferent to the broad view. Habitually, nobody will alight at a jeepney stop, even if this is only five steps away, as the hard-core jeepney rider thinks this delivery-at-the-doorstep (or his personal *kanto*) an inalienable right. The driver himself will only use a jeepney stop when convenient or when a policeman is in sight, really much rather preferring to home-in on individual passengers, picking them off the streets one by one. Coming in from the Quiapo Underpass into the corner of Lerma St., where epic-proportion crowds amass from the university belt, drivers will plunge headlong into the roiling mass, their jeepneys like giant versions of iron fillings drawn harum-scarum to a magnetic point. If they can pluck out a single passenger, they are amply rewarded. There is no resentment should this one passenger bring with him a bucket of frogs, (alive, jumping!), a *bayong* of durian, or his personal tubercular coughing. For in the jeepney, it is bad form to be snooty about the shameless display of ills, eroticisms, *kabastusan,* poverty, affections, needs. There is no decorum, aside from what seems to be a creed of openness to the flaunting of individual realities.





Riding jeepneys therefore partakes of the unique *esprit* of walking. "To walk", according to Roland Barthes, "is perhaps - mythologically – the most trivial, hence the most human gesture." Consider the other extreme: bus riders embrace an abstract travel; they have a schematic conception of roads, every so kilometers a bus stop. Car owners experience super-individualized isolation, requiring a deeply intellectualized (mapped and interiorized) understanding of the abstract order defined by traffic rules, road courtesy, signage. (I am, of course, speaking of those who do not insist on using cars and buses like jeepneys.) Jeepney riders – actually "walkers" – are unconcerned by any kind of macro view or intellectual order. The concern? The intermitent small stops – barbershop, *palengke,* elementary school, movie house, restaurant, personal sites all – are almost the walker's capricious habits. It is not, for instance, the intellectually cohesive stretch

from Baclaran to Balintawak that is important, but the ten *Para!* glottal pauses of the jeepney's carbon monoxide breath between Libertad and Cartimar, between Bambang, Tayuman and Blumentritt. The entire length of Avenida Rizal is dismembered in the mind as every twenty meters, passengers are disorged and swallowed up.

Time is an equally dismembered entity to the jeepney user. "Schedule" is an alien notion, for the jeepney is no way to make an appointment. It can take all of half a day to get from Pasig to Quiapo, or from Marikina to Divisoria. (Just when you think you're making good time, the driver pulls up to a gas station. Just as soon as the jeepney accelerates into flight, it screeches to a halt.) Speed, which is related to time, is curiously different as an operation defined by the jeepney. It is not the speed that is *natural* to a powerful six-cylinder engine which we see or feel, but a cathartic engagement, a violent confrontation with the limitations of the machine. So: between lurches and slamming brakes, the only time-related continuity is that spell between point of embarkation and point of arrival (which in the jeepney sense is merely a segue to a new point of embarkation in a disjointed series). Within this exquisitely personal period, I suspend all

concern for minutes and hours, so fatefully do I hand myself over to the exquisitely personal whimsies of the driver, machine and fellow riders.

V

Time is hence imagined as space. And space is apprehended as a series of dalliances. Time, space, behavior fuse to create an anecdotal imagination. The cosmos is a series of *kuwentong buhay,* each emotional, participatory, essentially irrational: the hand that is held, the vomit on the floor, the madonna's nipple. These are the very metaphysics of village life, persisting – if only precariously – as an underlay to the presumed rationality of urban growth. We only need remember that "Manila" is a compendium of villages, to recognize a certain dyadic character to our lives in this city. The rural/agricultural mind occupies specific geographies: Tondo, Roxas District, Paco, the "other" Makati, even the Quezon City " projects " which were initiated with urban planning prerogatives but have since irrevocably reverted into *barrios,* San Juan, Pasay, Pandacan, Sampaloc, Sta. Ana, indeed the greater land area of Greater Manila. And in the provinces, industrial superstructures are only grafted tenuously onto the vast networks of umbilical relationships among man, land, animal-slave, rice planting, familiar gods.

It is of course the jeepney that travels the innards of this archaic space. All jeepneys, even those that ply the City's car and bus routes and the national highways, eventually disappear into those progressively tinier capillaries that fan out and feed the "village underground". In these hidden pockets, the jeepney is in its element, conveying the wife in duster and *tsinelas* to market, the children to their sad teachers, the men to their labors, the *querida* to her secret apartment. The jeepney delivers strangers unto those bowels where basketball is played and fights are settled in the streets. Here, not only the jeepney behaves as though it were walking; the streets themselves perambulate, skirting houses and trees, crazy-cutting across extinct *esteros* and somebody's *sampayan,* curlicuing madly around a useless telephone post. The natives conceive these streets as sala, dance-hall, community center, market, playground – and jeepneys as the riders' friendly mobiles adapting congenially to any changes in street use. Ride a Talayan or Roxas District jeepney and completely shut out all remembrances of things conceptual.

These chthonic geographies are eclipsed in the usual mental construct with which we perceive Manila. Our city of man (apropos as a catch-phrase, though in ways

more profound than the copywriters imagined), lives in our collective imagination largely as Epifanio de los Santos, Taft, Ayala, Ortigas Avenues, as Quezon and Roxas Boulevards. (*Probinsiyana* that I am, I've always thought of Manila as the Makati skyline.) These Big Streets talk big, of "ideas" – grids, zones, transepts, intersections, linear progression, geometric elegance – all Graeco-Roman and Renaissance and Industrial Revolution punch-lines, all about as alien to the denizens of *Bo. Cruz na Ligas* as Martian canals. (Well, what we call a "jeepney line" is actually a meander.) Such is the conceptual artistry of urban planning however, which does introduce us to the object of our desires: Modernity. But while we know our ambition, we – tradition-bound to our view of man as fleshed-out reality – still have to acquire that Modernity's knack for transforming the entire cosmos, and humanity itself, into Ideas.

This is impossible to do while riding a jeepney. For how can I affect a Renaissance humanist posture, as I am delivered to Divisoria in exactly the same fashion as a *banyera* of fish? Surely I am not expected to ponder the Fibonacci Series or the tetrahedron of Pythagoras and R. Buckminster Fuller, while playing *patintero* with jeepneys, there again in Divisoria, which is all action, all gesture and talk, so antithetical to the word "idea". But wait: I am not here speaking of a failure or a lack; I certainly do not wish to sound that true but useless refrain about our poverty disallowing us the luxury of esoteric meditation. Witness Divisoria indeed, which is one of my favorite schools of Pinoy culture (and which is Jeepney Heaven). There, "humanity " has names: I am *"suki"*, never a stranger. The jeepney is a "person", so individualist is its sharing of my personal space. The Sto. Nino enthroned atop a pile of cloths or flying around on a dashboard – in this and that jeepney – is "Noynoy" or somesuch; even the gods have nicknames.

Clearly, there is a specie of Self taking expression in this community of relationships – which is totally different from that transcendent Self which now finds its best expression in quantum physics and the aesthetic/philosophical dimensions of the Second Law of Thermodynamics. Our Self – so robust, though often misunderstood – is quite insistently the jeepney's special subject matter. And it is therefore to the jeepney experience, that we turn for some understanding of how that ancient Self sees and shapes the world.

VI

As it descends into the density of small streets, there is no panorama. Now, this panorama belongs to only a few cultures, and only recently. According to Roland Barthes, its first appearance in Literature was when Victor Hugo in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" described Paris from the bird's-eye view afforded by the Notre Dame turrets, that city spread out below with everything miniaturized and flattened-out, streets and the river become design, the houses and trees and people become motifs, specks that don't even seem to move, from that distance. Paris was transformed into a map, its architectural and human content converted into concepts. It was, needless to say, an entirely new turn-on: vision became an intellectual exercise. Here was, for the first time, *abstraction:* and that "high" was to be institutionalized in that absolute symbol of Modernity's entry, the Eiffel Tower. It was an intellectual mode of sight which was to become the significant psychic preoccupation of the 20th century. When the world finally saw itself as a blue-and-white sphere floating in the abyss, photographed by one of the Apollo missions, that elegant abstract whole which we recognized as Earth became a profound part of modern consciousness.

Hence modern man has equated altitude with powers of intellection (and is completely baffled by archaic sites like the Nazca Plains where there are artworks that can only be seen in entirety from above). The airline passenger's view is of course "comprehensible" only by discarding tribal and rural/agricultural habits of concretizing time and space. (I mean, passing the International Dateline, which is merely fiction, materially-speaking, means having to deal with a truth that can only be grasped intellectually.) This deep symbiosis between vision and mind is really an excellent way of describing much of the achievement of the modern period. Cubism, for instance, particularly the Futurist vision, can partially be accounted for by recalling what must have been initially the mind-blowing experience of riding trains and then automobiles: the view seen in multiples, reality fractured by speed, hi-tech windshield and the quickened swallowing-up of geography. Cubism in fact provided artistic equivalents for such portentious shifts of intellectual vision as the principle of the rocket drive, Freud's fundamental studies on hysteria, and Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity. The modern Self is quite irrevocably attached to a thinking and a vision organized into principles, or laws of the universe. Of his own modern culture, the poet Charles Olson said: "We are alien from everything that was most familiar."

Familiarity is the jeepney's territory. Without panorama, the view is tight. A face pressed close to mine is so *there*, I can't avoid its lines, eyes, the grin, sometimes touched by a deprecating shyness, sometimes lascivious. For a living (one of those humble enterprises), a boy spits saliva onto the windshield in lieu of water for cleaning, this happening in the middle of traffic; he expectorates that moist "mucousy" substance straight from his internal organs, indeed onto the driver's face if it weren't for the glass. I saw the face of the man who walked casually from out of the street's crowds, who had his hands on my throat the next instant, gone the next with my necklace. I can see the girl's *kuto* (so I sit some distance away). And as I pass through Legarda St. in downtown, I see the flecks of rust on once beautiful Art Noveau grilles on decrepit old houses, somebody's torn panties discarded on a shoddy roof, all the putrid flotsam on a Pasig River tributary (smells in harmony with the putrefaction), all the callosities, decayed members, beauty spots, monstrosities on the surfaces of the inner city. It is the moment of visual arrest that concerns me, not the far-fetched notions of infinity or perspective. In this narrowing of the psychic field of vision, I know too much about the other, as he comes in for a close-up, as touch is inevi-

table, as sweat is mixed.

VII

For the jeepney *is* the street. Its constant pausings are like rendezvoux where I am forced to make acquaintances with beggars who can hold my hand (this is harder to accomplish through car or bus windows), with the other jeepney drivers with whom change and obscenities are exchanged, with the particulars of garbage flying in the streets. And so on. Even in its bursts of high velocity, the jeepney is earthbound (like a work-animal again, unlike the car-idea which is based on the projectile). It can never take flight, even as the driver defies the limits of the engine's power. Thus the concept of speed is redefined in jeepney terms to involve the idea of physical skill: weaving in and out of lanes full of other careening objects/bodies, the consummately sensate stunt of passing another hurtling vehicle with a few inches to spare. The experience is measurable in terms of physical dimensions (inches, limbs missed), and not, as in the real praxis of speed, in terms of abstract ecstasies. And even if I only sit and block out all these images (speed, too, is an image), my body, a shock absorber, takes in every pimple and crevasse on the road, internalizing this texture.

Once more with feeling: in the special physiognomy of the jeepney, inside and outside are effectively the same thing. But there is more. "Outside and "inside" have correspondences other than the utter permeability of the jeepney to the world. "Inside" can refer to the interiority of the driver, his psychic definition, expressed "outside" or externally in the anatomy of his vehicle. Going back to Jung, whose central thesis on the existence of the collective unconscious should give us valuable insights, we learn that Vehicle and Home/House are universal, chthonic symbols for the Self. According to Jung, "Every vehicle is an expression of the body (including the mind and thought) or, in other words, of the spirit in its existential aspect." This is most curious. For in a very literal way – which might have made Jung happy, so aptly is this matter an expression of a universal archetype – the jeepney's body simultaneously expresses home, self, vehicle, center.

Entering a jeepney is entering a home. Jeepney riders know this instinctively, deferring oftentimes to the driver whose will – so long as one remains in his vehicle– is absolute. The space for passengers at the back is configured as though a sala, venue for a soiree, two rows of people facing each other. Curtains or jalousies of screaming (jeepney) decorator colors define the bounderies

between in and out. These materials are posited in the visual vocabulary of the home, where in fact, such deeply personal details as crochetted buntings and twirled or braided plastic strips, and indeed jalousies, are to be found. In fact the jeepney is made of house-building materials, galvanized iron (GI sheets) or "black" iron (BI sheets), soldered and rivetted into place the way it is with houses. (Heavy car industries use gargantuan press molds; they don't tack things together as through making a shanty.) And even if this homely use of materials is not overtly symbolic, the equally non-symbolic affectation of a home ambience in the use of marblelized or *faux* wood grain formica for "finishing" touches, is very much the nesting habit gone wild. And in this home we are asked to, well, feel at home: the interior design "speaks" in the driver/homeowner's behalf.

People see Hospitality in these details, and this is perhaps an accurate perception. There is a palpable will to please, a definite if tongue-in-cheek friendliness, that is signified tangentially in the language of the hand-crafted (painted details, "custom" upholstery, the very bodyworks); the private-life memorabilia (stickers, fancy nameplates, a coin collection stuck to the dashboard); the party atmosphere (in

the past, disco music until this was legislated out, also the cabaret *sabit-sabit* and lighting design); the protestations of virtue (the shrine, the driver's sign of the cross while passing a church); and oftentimes, the driver's *fortissimo* commentaries on life, in which he sounds for all the world like a *bon vivant* holding court in his salon. Here is hospitality, therefore, in truth: it is born of a certain vulnerability. The jeepney needs me, the single passenger, and relentlessly assures: there will be no boredom on this ride! Recall that the forcible removal of stereo systems was such an emotional and desperate issue because there was this religious dogma, shared by all drivers to the man, holding that passengers choose their rides by the decibel-level and variety of "sounds".

This signification of bend-over-backwards friendliness — the welcome to my house, the jeepney— is also metaphoric. The jeepney's form, which is the height of convertibility — it will carry pigs, it will carry your mini-refrigirator to the *agencia*, or myself in business suit to an Ayala meeting — somehow does revive the nipa hut's and the squatter shanty's super-flexible use of space. And jeepneys for private use signify that closure always with a tiny (almost useless) swing-out door marked "Private": this home will not suffer intrusions. For those whose business it is to lure passengers, the interior spaces are extremely "garrulous", for "reading" the jeepney is essential to the pleasurable ride. The taunting but basically goodnatured decal messages collectively serve as verbal alter-ego of the driver, who as host, must observe a protocol of politeness. But not to worry: the driver's lustiness, baseness, saintliness finds full, if disembodied, expression in the terrible humor stuck-on all over. Conversation no-nos, such as the delicate matter of non-payment, are taken care of this way. God Knows Hudas Not Pay!

VIII

This signification of the self— a ventriloquist's act of projecting his "voice" onto his trusty jeepney, the driver's personna magnified — is an obsessive part of the jeepney gestalt. The driver insists on being known. He put in time in Saudi Arabia: *Pawis ng Langis, Katas ng Saudi.* This *Crack Buster* takes his machismo seriously; he can, if you please, deflower you by just looking. He has great taste, witness the postcard pretty Mayon Volcano painting, note the full-color blow-up of Prince. He has wit, erudition, a philosophical understanding of life. Sometimes he can out-do himself, in the medium of haiku, as please appreciate the depth of the line "Dollar or Homesick". It is all a highly evolved communication system, involving special jargon, sites, mythologies, materials.

Take particular notice of the mud guards at the rear: there is where the driver makes the final announcement of who he is: lush, Praise the Lorder, *Virgin Chaser.* Mostly though, what the driver is saying is, you are welcome, you didn't go wrong in me and my wheels.

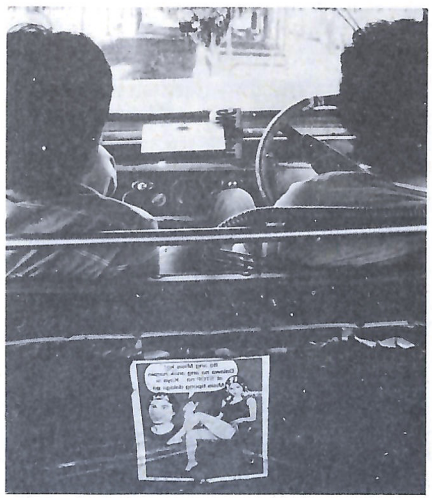
This super-ego as spectacle is an art form, virtually, whose practitioners must needs develop the same esoteric levels of talent and skills as, say, trapeze artists. Larry Alcala again knew what it was all about. In the 1950s-popular comic strip, the character, Kalabog administered a jeepney driver exam to Bosyo his side-kick. To be driver, the test demanded, Bosyo had to change a bill, shift gears, with one eye spotting a prospective passenger, with the other eye watching out for a cop and the road: simultaneously. This is The Right Stuff ever-so-casually flaunted by jeepney drivers daily. In one seamless choreography, a driver can ogle at *chicks*, work his engine up to an *arankada*, side-swipe an already-harassed pedestrian for fun, avoid side-swiping a Mercedes Benz, expound on the state of the nation, pass two or three trucks, puff at a cigarette sometimes with one eye darting towards a tabloid's nude picture. Like the *kristo* of the *sabungan,* the driver can watch the essentials of his trade while remem-

bering to give the exact change to five different passengers going to five different destinations, who gave him five different denominations of bills. You get the picture.

This superman – either cocky or matter-of course – offers himself as romantic archetype. Cast in the image of the brusque and hyper-intrepid keeper of ancient heroic traditions, the jeepney driver is our cowboy. But see, he hath no horse (while the Spanish *caballero* and the French *chevalier,* complete moral and psychological images, had their equally heroic steeds). Our version retains the spirit-of-lawlessness part, justified by the flamboyance of his performance; the jeepney will have to do for the *de riguer* noble beast. There is really no avoiding the animal – particularly the horse– mythology, especially as we see that the jeepney driver truly does regard his vehicle as The Lone Ranger must have regarded his white stallion, Silver. (A variant of these meditations will give the suggestion that the jeepney is the driver's mistress, but this is really the same thing as the horse, a materialization of a beloved.) Meanwhile, I accede – as always – to a *rapprochement* with this driver who is also a larger-than- life presence with mythic dimensions. Swamped by the intense courtesies thrust upon me, the passenger who cannot say I don't like the audio-visual movable feast (indeed I am impressed!), I simply must transcend the difficulties. Entertained by superman, I can't complain.

This matter of being 'obligated ' to the driver sometimes permutates wildly. For instance: my favorite jeepney seat is that up front, ideally the one next to the gaping right-hand entry, or if not that, well, next to the driver. Those seats are of course the site of the driver's *boudoir* (which deepens our knowledge of this mythic household on wheels). The woman who sits there, where his wife sits if she is aboard, is at once caught in a spatial-sexual relationship with the driver. In appropriating that seat, I agree to be the driver's *chicks,* lured by his brazen exhibit of *pagkalalake.* So it's a trade-off: for the luxury of a little more wind and a frontal orientation, I act out a precise relata, I became one more decorative piece for showing off. Many girls don't like this dubious privilege. I don't mind, perhaps owing to my curiosity about power centers, for that is what this *boudoir* is.

Cash box, altar to male Godhead (except for the Perpetual Help Mother, the Virgin hardly rides jeepneys) complete with twinkling Christmas tree lights, the driver's woman (real or imagined), the engine to which the driver is literally connected and the gas tank beneath his seat – all crowded together in fascinatingly domestic juxtaposition– create a protective/energetic shell around the driver. Hence, surrounded by material and magical sources of power, the driver becomes the super-attenuated being we've always suspected him to be. The literary critic Guy Davenport said something which I think is useful to us here, and I quote: "The Latin word for the sacredness of a place is *cultus,* the dwelling of a god, the place where a rite is valid. *ıltus* becomes our word *culture,* not in the portentious sense it now has, but in a much humbler sense. For ancient people the sacred was the vernacular ordinariness of things: the hearth, primarily; the bed, the wall around the yard.



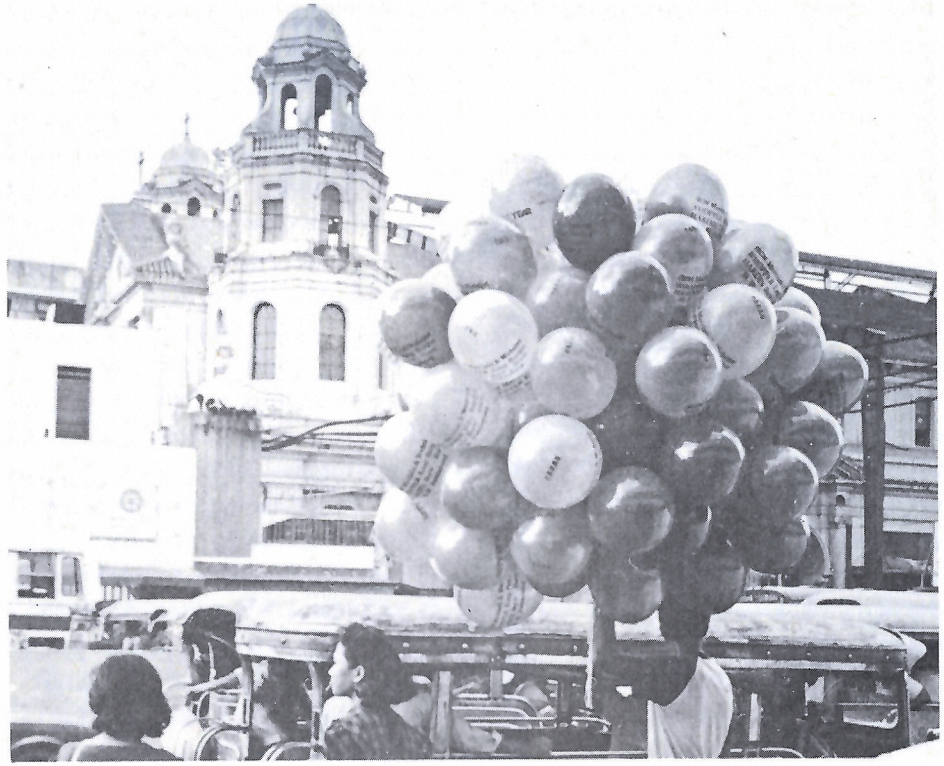
The temple was too sacred to be entered. Washing the feet of a guest was as religious an act as sharing one's meals with the gods." In the domesticity of magical experience or the sacredness of the mundane, meet a chthonic underlay.

IX

Paradoxes upon paradoxes: our most vernacular jeepney experience is at once our most intimate touching of deep, even religious or mythical, layers of Philippine culture. As I plow through city-scape, I simultaneously travel through a Jungian sub-conscious which is still very much alive. And while we're on the subject of paradoxes: this rural/agricultural jeepney "meaning" – expressed in that one-to one correspondence between and among people -- is incomplete outside the perception of an archaic Mind thrust by historical forces into runaway urban growth, this, expressed in conceptual and dehumanized relationships. For the ecology which the jeepney serves, drone-like, is indeed a transitional, hence paradoxical, one. The jeepney is not – in an indigenous way, like the carabao – part of completely rural/agricultural settings. Neither will it ever be part of Ayala Avenue, even as it plys that route. Rather, the jeepney is integral to the confused interface when chthonic sensibilities struggle to persist in the face of change.

Quiapo – which escapes rationalization, its design so expessive of a form of spatial madness – is perhaps the place-wise equivalent of the jeepney's position in the scheme of things. People used to say that as long as one manages to get to Quiapo, one can find his way to anywhere in Manila. Still, Quiapo, is more than merely the literal center of the major jeepney lines. Quiapo is the same anarchical creature the jeepney is. As the devotees to its church plead from the very soul of vulnerability (again, amidst the domesticity of worship, oh those true-to-form merchants at the temple doing what is right by their –our – chthonic spirituality), as those devotees on their knees find only a tentative peace within a foreign orthodoxy – so too, does Quiapo with its decrepit *tianggue* schema and gay disarray, maintain only a tenuous foothold onto a city so enamoured of Modernity. The jeepney – like Quiapo its metaphor – exists only in a limbo of borrowed time.

We know that the jeepney is the very experience of lack of privilege in a society that defines privilege in terms of comfort and leisure. This is true as pure lived experience; I so hate now to have no choice but to ride it. The jeepney *pasajero* suffers the driver's perverse audacity, the punishments of the road, the absence of grace, the lowering of desires. But there is a deeper privation, really a form of despair, which is a function of the limbo situation of the jeepney.



A society such as ours – straddling on one hand decay (of old human-scale social systems), and on the other hand, longings for progress (intellectual order, the banishment of the chthonic fears, poverties, mysteries) – survives daily, barely on contradictions.

We believe in One God, many gods, Sharon Cuneta, shamans, newspapers, democracy, dwarfs, *kapalaran*, education, Madonna of Like a Virgin, Madonna the Virgin, money, the U.S.A., saviors and redemption, the rule of of law, "making *lusot*", Platonism, good manners and right conduct, *anting-anting*, computers, phophesies, vendetta, honor, doctors, male superiority, mother power, tear-jearkers, opinion columns, gossip columns, Sto. Nino (a very special deity variety), The Filipina Beauty, chastity, sexiness, authority, life ever after, more or less with the same intensity. We are christians and animists, conservatives and anarchists, honorable and wily (as in *wa-is*), self-denying and excessive, sanguine and volatile more or less simultaneously. Clearly, this is not merely the opposition of old versus new, or worse, of good versus bad. (There is a danger to this fixation with convenient dichotomies: limited thinking makes for limited choices.) And then, too, there is a deep pathos in thinking this confusion a kind of freedom – or a form of happiness.

X

"Disorder" according to Rudolf Arnheim in "Entropy and Art", *"is not the absence of order but rather the clash of uncoordinated orders."*

It should be clear that what is homogeneously described as "the Philippine experience" is actually an incredibly heterogeneous condition. I share language(s), collective dreams, pieties, environment, the jeepney experience among many other common-denominator things, essentially the same social organization and griefs, with the rest of the natives. But: we are cleaved – internally within our persons, and collectively within the society – by different forms of Mind. If we must think in terms of a dyad: it is the tension between the part of us that still desires individuation and localization, and the part which wants to adjust to the uniformity, globalism, wider association, the requirements of technological order. The two Minds

were best defined by a school of linguistics whose main prophets were Ferdinand de Saussure and Claude Levi-Strauss. They distinguished between *synchronic* cultures—those that are maintained ahistorically (time is not a linear progression), where the notion of value is pegged to the relationships among things and humans, where mythic structures reflect the social structure — and *diachronic* cultures. This latter is the Western Mind, essentially, which is characterized by a deep sense of its own history.

I'll have to quote rather extensively from Jack Burnham in "The Structure of Art", as this whole discourse has a necessary elegance which I shouldn't dismiss. "Saussure makes a working distinction between synchrony and diachrony by comparing speech to chess play. The chessmen and their positions on the board correspond to the juxtaposition of linguistic terms. In speech, like chess, the relative meaning of signs shifts from moment to moment, while the rules of grammar or chess are fixed. Each move on the board, or segment of speech, only affects the single component involved; but simultaneously the entire context of conversation shifts, just as the chessboard reveals a more or less altered set of opportunities with each move. The distinction that Saussure makes between synchrony and diachrony is that of calculus to simple algebra; diachony is an infinite succession of synchronic events."

Remembering that synchronic and diachronic cultures are equally ancient and modern traditions (there goes our old versus new opposition), that both varieties have an internal moral validity, we might proceed to see ourselves in the curious enterprise of living both types of lives. Certainly the jeepney does.

The sign on the dashboard says *Gabby's* or *Stop and Shop;* these destinations have long ago ceased to exist. The synchronic mind is indifferent to the diachronic obsession with impersonal directional coordinates. Maps, after all, are a Cartesian abstraction where location can be charted along the notions of x, y, and z, axes, and these make no sense at all to a people who think of location as locus of patterns of relationships (myself *vis a vis* my favorite *sari-sari* store for instance). Then too, the synchronic mind doesn't think historically. *Murphy, Kansas* are names which have been changed, but not to the jeepney users. *Monumento* (which is not a place) and *Tulay* (which is actually Guadalupe Bridge, but all jeepney users know this) are anti-abstraction. *Crossing* (which is the intersection of EDSA and Shaw Blvd.) is a destination only to the Pinoy whose sense of space must be mentally absorbed as value-charged notion: like positions in a chess game, *Crossing* makes sense only when I do cross that point.

Simultaneously, the jeepney necessarily interfaces with the diachronic mind as it extends its domain from village to Big City (once it gets to *Crossing*, for instance). Simply, the personal shifts to the impersonal. The neighbors I sit with going to Kamuning Market are replaced by strangers as I hit Espana Extension; even on this fairly elementary level, I experience the difference between the human animal who is somehow related to me, and the anonymous statistic to whom I must be just as profoundly unknown.

The jeepney itself — as a vehicle, as machine — preserves a design which the diachronic mind can precisely date (here the MacArthur type, here the rare Eisenhower type; the look is also a historical footnote). And out there in the major thoroughfares, this dating means getting pegged to a specific social strata. The 1985 Toyota Silver Edition down the line, all the way to the bottom of the pile, the jeepney/ fossil: *progress*, a diachronic linear notion, can be calibrated in terms of infinitely subtle degrees of formal differentiations. And we — at least that part of us which earned high marks under Spanish/American tutelage — do expect the jeepney to behave apropos to its partial nature as public utility vehicle, hence to respond to disembo-

died, fixed (diachronic) abstractions represented by traffic lights, fast or slow lanes, internationally coded signage. Which of course the jeepney does only part of the time, since it is neither here nor there as a creature. If it were a horse, it would be allowed full expression of idiosyncracy.

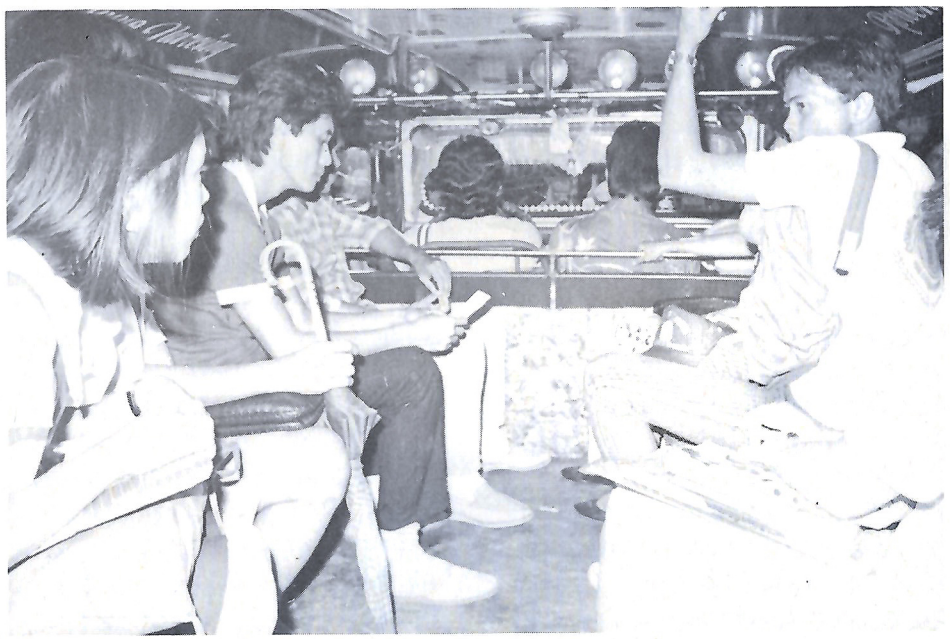
So: the really weird thing about the jeepney is its embrace of anachronism. The whole point about a PUV is the ferrying of the limited, docile, scientifically-conditioned population totally adjusted to a technological environment. And yet this PUV maintains a society of relations. Traffic laws with penalties corresponding to transgressions are dehumanized but philosophically beautiful concepts; the *tong* system, the chthonic law-and-order underlay, is so physical, gestural, relational, so anti a modern rationality. The boundary system is essentially (diachronically) viable. The jeepney driver earns P200.00 for the owner of the fleet, the rest is his: the pattern is fixed, never mind the vagaries of the road, and therefore has a certain modern logic. But to this boundary system we must juxtapose the *colorum* system. It works this way: I come back from Saudi and I want to invest my hard-earned dollars in a single jeepney *na pampasada*. I give a fixed amount to someone who owns a fleet franchise. The personal and synchronic (my needs, my personal nest egg, my *pakikisama* with this *may-ari ng linya) be*fuddles the scientific integrity of mass transportation System.

It is this simultaneity of radically different natures which makes the jeepney such a riveting master-image for the nation. Let's consider one more overt/chthonic example. According to an economics of scale (a diachronic discourse, if there ever was one), further evolution of the jeepney is simply impossible. A more powerful engine will require the kind of maintenance costs that cannot be absorbed by a riding public to whom one peso is blood, sweat, and tears, truly. One can make a Harvard-elegant case study that will expose the mathematically neat reasons why the jeepney will never become a mini-cruiser. But I just found out a totally compelling cultural reason for this petrification of form. It appears that jeepney drivers will never desire sophisticated engines because their entire consciousness must remain assured by a synchronic familiarity: their favorite *talyer* will not be able to fix esoteric problems, they will not be able to relate to their pet-engine with sensuous intimacy. Drivers are quite lovingly attached to the eccentric *katok* of their machine.

May ina-amo yan e. Dapat sanay ang hahawak. Kailangan ng himas.

XI

Here, hence is the agenda for mythification. We like to imagine the mongrel pedigree of the jeepney as a specie of order (which we nationalize as so Pinoy!). This is our beloved cliche. In this pandemonium is joy: color, *fiesta*, bizarre-as-cute, we think. To imagine Philippine culture as a fixed whole whose medium is wild abandon is to embark on an archeological mission, however, as though our national program is merely the unearthing and – this is the recommendation – *appreciation* of old-fashioned happy days. Were it only that simple. What we sadly gloss over is that instead of an order, we have a mad equilibrum, oscillating daily between extremes of yearnings. Our condition is a *detente* between entire cultural universes, each thoroughly compelling, each promising the design of the future. And, as in all manner of *detente,* the promise of violent irresolution is real. Also, this desperate limbo is the real content of our poignant jeepney– and the rest of our popular productions. Like reggae, soul, Negro spirituals transposed into jazz, pidgin, Taglish, tourist handicrafts – each representing some degree of cross-cultural reconciliation – the soul is chthonic, anguished.



A Jeepney Painting by Vicente Manansala

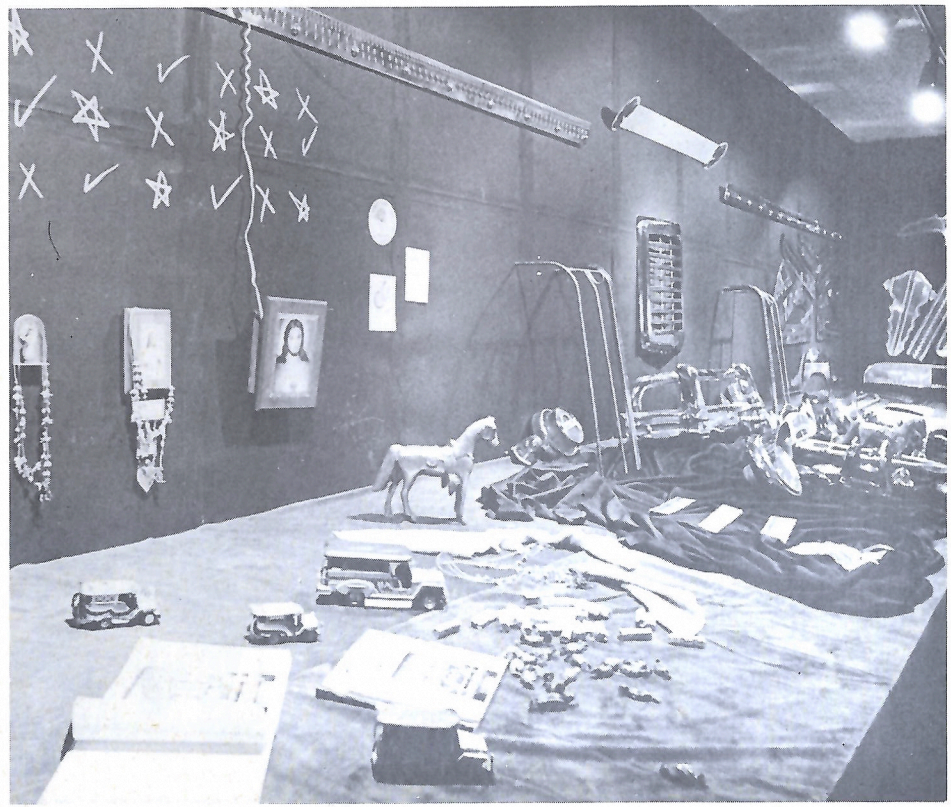
MYTHIC JEEPNEY

I

God Is My Co-Driver. De Colores sword. Knight Rider-ish flickering lights in the grilles up front. Flags of different countries. Bas relief fighting cocks in dirty "stainless" steel. Back-up horn tooting Bach ("How Gentle is The Rain"), Mozart. Jeepney Prince. Corporal Juan de la Cruz, W.P.D (in other words, *walang huli*), Mag wheels. Mud guards with flame-like edging. Lead pipe stuck near spare tire. *Batang Arabo*. Trompe l' oeil hang-man's noose around each headlight. The Hapsburg Eagle. Portrait of a galleon. Pagsanjan Falls with naiads cavorting, painted on. Appliqued leatherette flying in the wind. Mondrian-esque lines, squares, and colors. Polychrome arabesques. *Pot, Pot Bago Lusot.* Toy train. Squiggles and scrawls. Ben Hur. Pussy-cat-like rendition of the Greyhound insignia. Flying A. Cultural Center of the Philippines with fountains aworking, post-card pretty and pretty miniaturized. Mercedez Benz Star. Sinister masks.

Is there an art history lurking here, somewhere in this pandemonium of significations?

The answer is no, and there are poignant reasons why not. I realize of course that we, all of us who imagine ourselves civilized, desire elegance, such as that which resides in the transformation of the vulgar and inchoate into cleansed, true, good, and beautiful ideas. As in: aha! The jeepney is a fowl! And the chromatic curvilinears are the fea-



thers! Or the jeepney is a macrophallus. The king of the road needs a kingly instrument, and see how he uses the machine as penetrating and thrusting tool! Or the jeepney is a fiesta! And so on. And indeed the jeepney is terribly generous to the theoretician; it accommodates all glamourization. It is one splendid piece of anthropological material which obliges all – especially the aesthetics-longing – theses and divinations.

But do give the jeepney another look-see. Take a ride to Culi-Culi. Can we seriously imagine a Renaissance intelligence at work and secretly organizing the various obscenities and frivolities? Might not art history (invented by one Duris of Samos who was an Olympic victor and Xenocrates who was an artist of a most particular "school", for heavens sake, in that unimaginably distant time–both men given totally to the Greek revolution, the cult of Order), might not the very idea of a neat chronology be a little too far-fetched a notion to apply to our extraordinary thing on wheels, verily an essay on chaos? Might we – truly– imagine here a Baroque hegemonic sensibility (even with the appendage "folk") with matching feelings for the-power-and-the-glory of imperialism? And as for Formalism: who can figure out where the jeepney's form might be excised from content? No, no, please: let us look elsewhere for elegance.

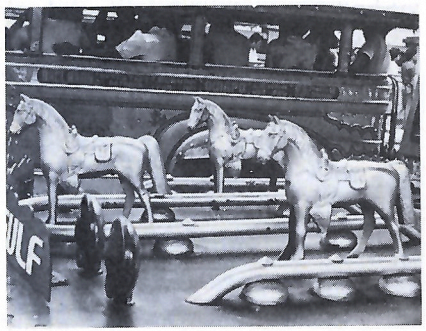
I have a lovely warning in pretentious Latin which I reserve for study Occasions such as the jeepney.*Entia non multiplicanda sunt praeter necessitatem.* The advise is to keep explanatory principles to the smallest possible number. This Principle of Economy suggets that we put the brakes on wishful thinking projected onto a pliant but exciting subject; that interpretative ideas be restrained by common sense. I'd like to add that I don't think this is a strait-jacket, and that it is possible still to go to town with ecstasies of interpretation. But – in keeping especially with the overwhelming reality of the jeepney – it probably wouldn't be a bad idea to keep referring back to sobering phenomenology of having to deal with jeepneys as they slam against each other on Claro M. Recto. That experience will probably save us from mixing up our cultures (which is synchronic, which is diachronic, which is experientially a truth?), from confusing our longings with our condition.

To be sure, there are a million and one opportunities for getting mixed up. Take the problem of art history, which we diligently attempt to create for ourselves. How in God's name are we supposed to chronologically conceive the generation of motifs, incunabulae, forms and doodles that populate the insides, outsides, undersides even of the jeepney? Mr. Sarao said that in the 1950's the colorful dancing curves "sold '. In the 1960's the *sankatutak* piling up of metal swans, horses, cocks, mirrors, useless lights, antennae and vinyl banderitas were the rage. (In the richer provincial cities, this is the state of the art..) In the late 1970's, Mr. Sarao added, the hard-edge stripes of color was the vogue, supplanting the arabesques which were nationalized into the notion of the *okir sarimanok*. Some order at last – or so it would seem. As soon as we stand on any corner of Mabini or Taft, however, our precious chronology disintegrates.

We could go mad pursuing this phantom of history. I am told that the plastic yellow and black cameos of a man with the Freddie Aguilar hat and scraggly hair, is Jeffrox. This latter-day Pinoy version of the hippie (institutionalized by us some twenty years after the dawning of the Age of Aquarius) coopts the youth-rock-hallucinatory imagery of the 1960 s (the image affects the "solarized" photography which I distinctly remember the younger Tina Turner by, in her big scene in Ken Russel's movie version of "Tommy"). This kind of pictorial innovation was prettified by Peter Max in those silly fad-ish posters which are stupidly reminiscent of the animation in the Beatles' "Yellow Submarine". The 1950's Beat Generation supplied the anti-hero scruffiness and probably the hat: Jeffrox looks like either Allen Ginsburg or Richard Brautigan. The visual themes of course connect with both the early American magniloquent outlaw (remember that Jesse James is remembered from "Wanted" posters), and our very own jeepney driver as folk hero. Jeffrox is Pinoy rocker Mike Hanopol's concoction, and the song in which this strange cross-cultural amalgam first appears–with the line *"laki sa layaw, laki sa layaw, Jeffrox"* – takes over the oft-recited phrase in "Florante at Laura", written early this century by Francisco Balagtas.

The false sausage-like exhaust pipes that sprout in multitudes on the jeepney hood plagiarizes European vintage roadsters (the Bugatti, for instance) and World War I biplanes. The origin of the cut-out air intake outlets, also simulated, might be similarly traced. The Batman fins on some rather new jeepneys take off from 1960's Chevys and Plymouths. The grilles on the supporting columns keeping up the roof's frame, copy Arte Espanol curves. The black-and-white checkerboard pattern sometimes painted behind the front wheel casing, is

the winner's flag at the Grand Prix. The popular color spectrum comes, I suspect, after color field painting in the U.S. was assimilated into consumer culture. And all these might be on a single jeepney, together with those horses with cowboy saddle and stirrups (someone told me this is an exact rendition of Trigger, Roy Roger's horse).



Taking our cues from the jeepney itself, therefore: this collage to end all collages democratizes artifacts and artifact-shards from all histories. All possibilities are consumed, no scrupples are reserved. The process of creating a jeepney in its full regalia – because and despite its singular "hungriness" for ever more signs, materials, behaviors – is totally random.

"In cultural history", according to Lewis Mumford in "The Pentagon of Power", " . . . diffusion processes are random and impersonal semiotic transactions. Images flow sideways and backwards, upside down. Cultural elements are appropriated from one context to another, not only through spiritual affinities and creative selections, but through any kind of connection at all, no matter how left-handed or trivial." I can't imagine by what channels of cultural inheritances the words IRIDIUM 192 appear – in five-inch high Rome typeface cut out letter by letter of glass and emblazoned across the windshield's entire "forehead", reflecting the sky and bouncing light – but it is there, a senseless enigma. What linkages through time, geography and culture might have brought about the appliqued and stencilled spelling-out of the words SEEDS OF WATERMELLON, flying in enourmous letters from a jeepney rear, as serious as my country's flag?

If Mumford – and my own living out of jeepney experience, which is not primarily an aesthetic one, by the way – is accurate in acknowledging the supereminence of chance in cultural production, then perhaps art history is an arrogance.

This is curiously parallel to scientific positions of recent vintage. Alvin Toffler summarized the cutting edge of scientific, theory today, thus: "Our universe has a pluralistic complex character. Structures may appear, but they may also disappear. Some processes are, as far as we know, well described by deterministic equations, but others involve probabilistic process. How then can we overcome the apparent contradiction between these concepts? We are living in a single universe. As we shall see, we are beginning to appreciate the meaning of these problems." He adds that Western assumptions are today topsy-turvy:". . . the importance we now give to the various phenomena we observe and describe is quite different from, even opposite to, what was suggested by classical physics."

There is certainly a simultaneity about the jeepney which we cannot but connect to contemporary physics. In the jeepney, everything is valid, present tense, significant to equal degrees of intensities, trivial and cheap at the same time as profound and compelling. And flat; no context is given for anything. For again, how can we give a historical context for the word "Alimony" carefully painted on a jeepney sideboard? What the physical sciences are prepared to deal with now– which the human sciences like biology and anthropology have taken at least a hundred years to demonstrate – is indeed the unique problematics of *time.*

Cultures of different natures have evolved sharply constrasting notions of time. For some, time is cyclical, and history perpetually repeats itself. For others, our own included, time tends to be measured in terms of personal events. The jeepney driver who sees fit to sport on his vehicle's wall, a painting of the *salakot*-shaped Philippine pavilion in the 1964 New York World's Fair, memorializes some intimate event in his personal history which we know nothing of. Jeepney art does this constantly: items of apparent historicity are drained of that contingency and filled up with meanings associated with the human, or individual, scale. When I read the punchlines *Stone Roller* and *Heavy Slow Rock,* I really must not refer to Mick Jagger and the history of rock (and to mistakenly conclude that the driver or artist is stupid). *"Stone Roller"* on the jeepney walls has been disengaged from the historical depth in which the words *Rolling Stone* remain immersed. The re-worked phrase belongs securely to the jeepney's dynamics of the personal, and can only be rationalized – if the word can be used at all – by the dream-like simultaneity of personal history.

Art history presumes a notion of time that Toffler described as highway stretching one-way from past to future. One look at a jeepney and we know this is not the way we think at all. And as a

matter of fact, *history* is an extemely rare cultural tradition, so rare indeed, it is indigenous only to five of the world's cultures. Those five are, according to Joseph Alsop in a magnum opus that is presently uncontested: Classical, the Renaissance-inaugurated Western, Chinese Dynastic (after the unification by Qin Shihuangdi), the whole of Japanese, and later Islamic, Civilizations. It might be noted that some of the world's grandest cultures (Egyptian, Aztec, etc.) never quite evolved art history, apparently with no harm done. So: instead of questing after the alien, though admittedly glorious, idea of incremental progress charted through time, we might set about the task of enjoying ourselves .

II

The jeepney cues us, again. We so dearly love to be entertained by the jeepney's utter lack of apology. The incongruous and absurd – the word *"Spoiled"* on the spoiler, the word *"Haliparot"* appended to *"Lady Sugar"* by sheer aleatory juxtaposition – are proud and careless exhibits which secretly appeal to those of us, or that part of us, which has never found any sense of spiritual belonging in an abstract elegance. The jeepney's compleat preposterousness is naturally engaging, likely owing to the kinship of the ridiculous with the comic. (It is, to be sure, a cruel humor which finds fun in the ludicrous, but remember that we are a people who have institutionalized Dolphy. An overlay of Christian ethics has rendered this kind of nonsensical fun, perverse, chthonic, but is a humor nevertheless which we share with Pygmies, the ancient Romans, and assorted tribal societies.) The Pinoy Everyman – and this includes the dullest intellectual – partakes of a jeepney comic sprit, one which finds absurdity (with its concomittant pain) hilarious.

That silly fun is a good guide, I should argue. The vulgar witticism are never lost on the passengers and pedestrians. How can I miss the cut-out of a reclining-nude's silhouette framing an entire windshield, the driver peering out at the traffic and at the world through two gargantuan breasts? Who is untouched by the words *"Haring Kalbo"* or the jeepney that proclaims itself *"Bukol Special"*? But these are only minor chords in what is usually an extravagant production number. The bigger laugh is the outrageous whole. The ramshackle shape full of life's trashy souvenirs, junk of all imaginable varia assembled into a mock-heroic aesthetics, the envelop of discordant sound, bizarre human interaction, catatonic movement: the sum total is the point. Viewing the entire fevered assemblage is what occasions the comedy, and therefore what provides for a transcendence of the grief which is forever accessory to confusion. As in comedy, gestalt is everything.

There is an old-fashioned and now largely obsolete French occupation called *bricolage,* which the pre-eminent anthropologist Claude Levi-Strauss and company loved using, while explaining cultures without history. The *bricoleur,* like a bag lady, collected all manner of bric-a-brac, parts of things, throw-aways. From this grab bag – never the same miscellany – he assembles useful objects. The parts, no longer functioning as originally designed, perform in a new context with the other parts, in an invented, though decidedly strange, harmony. The "statement" issues

from the sum total of the effort, and not from the discrete anatomies of parts.

Bricolage is the structure of myth. Myth is the central aesthetic of cultures – like ours, if only partially today – where patterns of relationships (between people, between things, between nature and culture) are the overwhelming obsessions. Myth can colonize anything and freely manipulate these – an object, an anecdote, an utterance, a life, a haphazard collection of all these – all of which say something, elaborate upon certain particulars, and in the invented synthesis, together say something else again. Mostly the content refers to a collective understanding of how that ahistorical society thinks about itself in relation to the world. The whole, as the cliche goes, is more than the sum of its parts.

Mythic jeepney! If its promiscuous embrace of anything and everything is to render any sense, we must trouble ourselves with mythic message. As in: what on earth is the jeepney "saying"? What ahistorical coherence – what ghost (what metastatement, if we must be scientific) – might be yielded by the raucuous and irresistable physiognomy of this national icon?

III

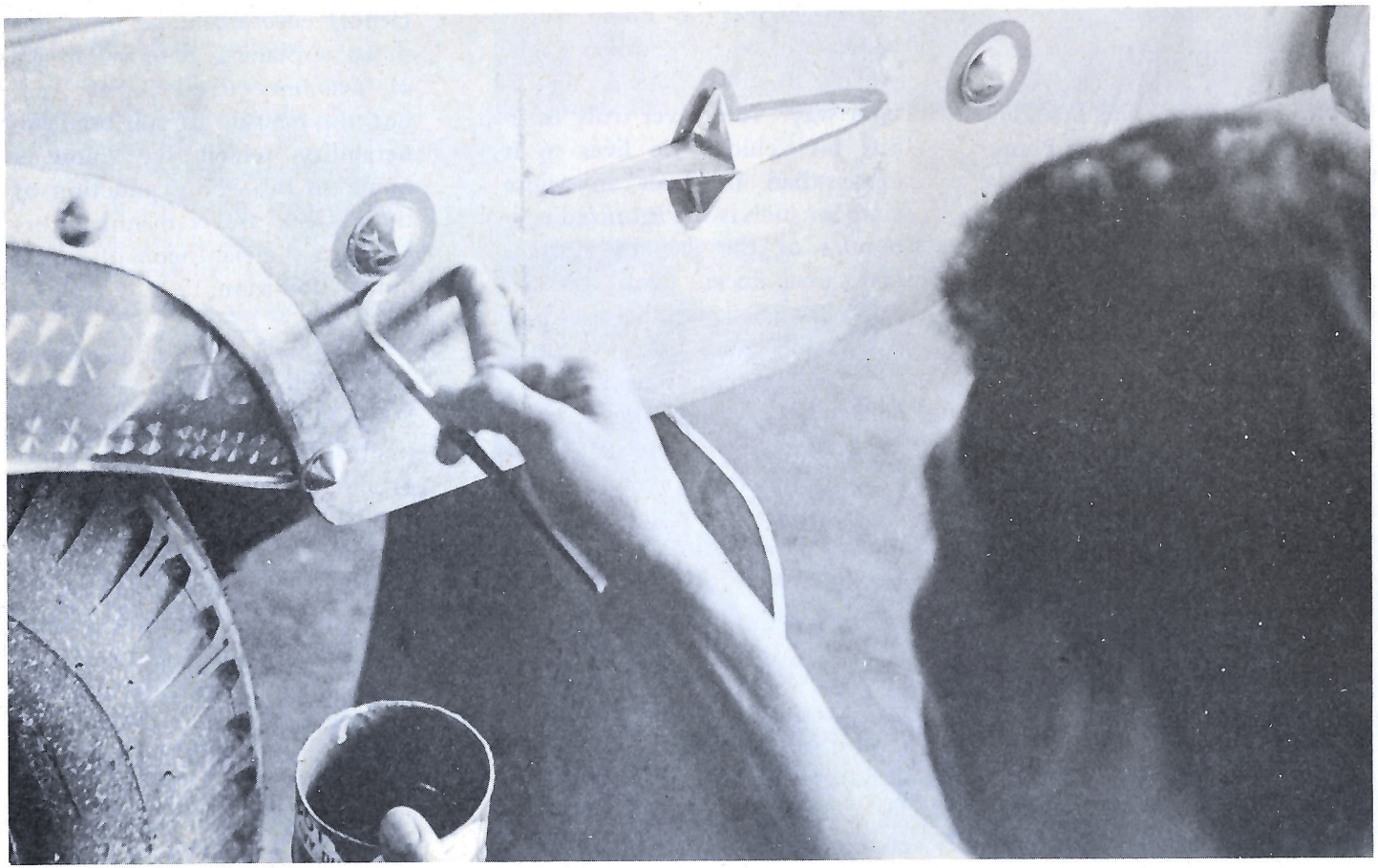
Once more we're confronted with the articulated Self. This is really the first thing that seems reasonable to assume, to be at least part of the content we seek. We can, in the name of a sincere amateur psychology, summarize in the mind that frantic ego, the driver who calls himself "Midnight Lover", who proposes that his vehicle might be described as "Rolling THUNDER". To take in the bitter-sweet particulars of the driver's life – the cash box with an Islamic crescent, the words of a dream-like reality ("Degree Holder" or "From Brunei with Love"), the dirty towel saturated with bodily humours – is to appreciate an encyclopaedic effort at self-assertion.

What Nietzche called "the ego's ancient sovereignty" is pretty much the central intelligence at work behind practically everything visual, aural, textural in a jeepney. Mr. Sarao's paint job is Mr. Sarao's, and imperiously so: he says he himself figures out what might be *"patok"* (lines this time, flames the next), and instructs his house painters accordingly. At Francisco Motors, the owners have absolute imprimatur on designs presented to them by the painters. On the other hand, the painters take to their task with a certain irrepressible flourish. Here and there they manage a curlicue or two of their own. And even when obediently fol-

lowing the bossman's artistic decisions, the fact that the painting is done by hand and not by some machine, allows a mythology of authorship. The painters, who do things literally *mano-mano* (the sure hand creates those very precise lines, believe it or not), do manage to express a self, anonymous though it remains. But it is art-making that can be claimed, at the very least art-making of a more direct and human sort than, say, the artists at Mitsubishi's plants.

And then there is the driver, who can pull up to one of those shops along the road to Novaliches for a quick acrylic naif of San Juanico Bridge, chosen from a album of possibles. (Other choices: a portrait of E.T., Banawe Rice Terraces, Mayon Volcano.) He will meticulously cut-up reflectorized adhesive tape into tiny rhombs, circles, stars, and stick these in tight parade formation all around the windows. He is the one who buys the dozen headlights for installation everywhere but where headlights are supposed to be. He will, of course, enshrine his Sto. Nino atop the cash box, with a plastic flower arrangement. If there ever was freedom of expression — the liberty to assert taste and opinion — this must be it.

In modern cultures, only the child is so free. Psychoanalysis will tell us that the child is a as different from the adult he will metamorphose into as the caterpillar to the moth; he conceives no boundaries between his body and the world, a knack that adults shed. This "protoplasmic consciousness" (so-called by Jean Piaget, who knew what of he spoke in the field of child psychology), is indifferent to the distinctions between self and non-self. This happens to be deeply sympathetic to a biological wisdom.



In nature after all, it is impossible to separate the organism from its environment. The subtlest change in the length of the daylight hours will trigger the poinsettia to turn red at the tops of stems, will activate the breeding hormones of certain species of birds, or signal the time to die. The rude Playboy bunny insignia on a jeepney hood with the caption "German Edition" is a profound response to Tetchie Agbayani's notorious pictorial in that magazine: the softest stimulus will, at random, generate a response. The child, an animist in the true sense of the word, will coo to a doll, for inert and living are one and the same significant material. The jeepney driver will coo to his starter, coaxing it in the tenderrest gibberish to function please.

We might, with some delight, see in this seamlessness of reality, a certain freedom. At the very least, it is an untrammeled spirit which is spared the

quest for self-definition in terms of Western individualism. The child's world embraces solidly what to civilized adults are dualities. Internal versus external space. Mind versus matter. Magic versus reason. Life versus non-life. The driver whose connectedness with the jeepney is total, and who displays his life's passion in such expressive form, with impunity and innocence, preserves for us an immemorial childhood. Through him, and through the primal peoples still among us (the Kalingas, the Gaddangs), we should still be able to confront a sense of Self with a built-in safeguard against alienation.

The child who believes that by making a shadow he can bring on the night is certainly kindred spirit to the driver who will travel the city as bucolic space. The synoptic vision is the same. And yet we are accustomed to viewing this same driver as narcissistic. But this is not a vexation.

"Narcissism", according to Piaget once more, "that is to say absolute egocentricity, certainly gives rise to magical conviction, but only insofar as it implies the absence of consciousness of self. The term solipsism has been used in connection with infants. . . the solipsist probably feels himself identical with the images he perceives; he has no consciousness of his self; *he is the world.* We may thus speak of narcissism and maintain that the infant regards everything in terms of his own pleasure, but on condition that we remember that the narcissism is accompanied by the most complete realism . . . in the sense that the infant can make no distinction between the self that commands and the non-self that obeys. At the most, the infant distinguishes, a desire, arising he knows not whence, and events which happen to bring about its fulfillment."

This child's cosmology is not entirely lost however, even to those of us who imagine we have made progress in the ways of the purely rational. This precious childhood may indeed be a Pinoy strategy for survival in a confused century. We cling to the sense found in nature — the one-ness of the *tamaraw* with the Mindoro habitant, the genetic code which bonds the infant with the mother to create a single organism, thus assuring survival, the persistence with which the jeepney driver transforms anonymous passengers into friend and foe, and that is, necessary and known human beings. If Piaget and Freud are correct, narcissism (that which binds the single creature with the rest of creation) is the sanctuary of the Filipino soul.

IV

"Sanctuary" is a crucial aspect of the strange compelling power of the jeepney, which seduces us even should we eschew Jungian symbolism. The notion of a protective shell, which every philosopher or *pilosopo* will tell us refers to *home,* need not be an esoteric inference. The word ecology, which is the currently fashionable term for childhood's unified cosmos, comes from the Greek word for home (the only context in which we can imagine the child). Ecology preserves the profound equation that self and nature are one, in a home.

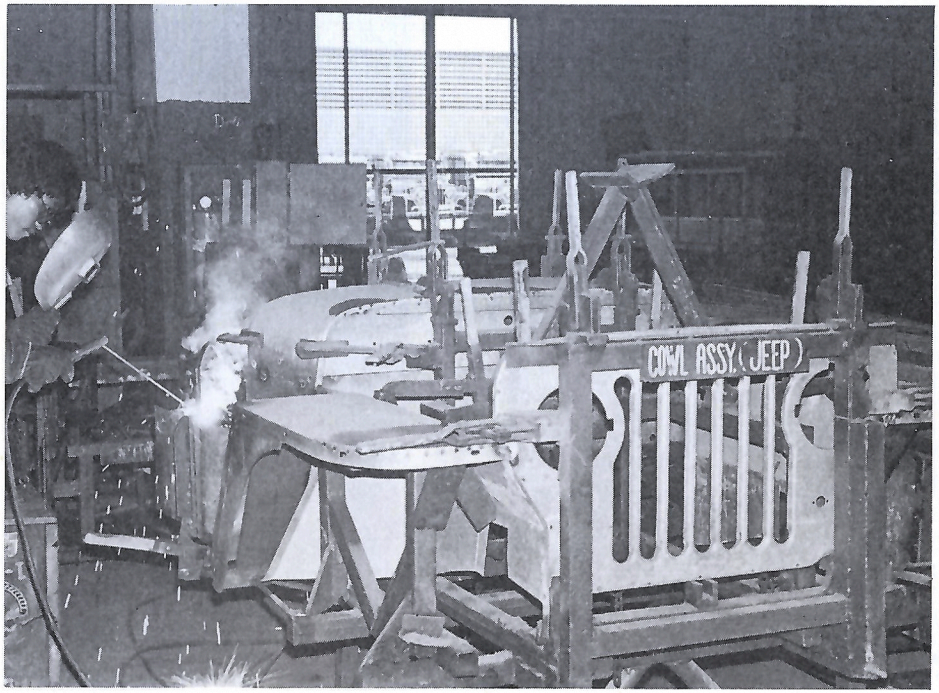
The jeepney as home which is identical with the driver's self, is daily manifested in a most literal way. The driver truly inhabits his vehicle. He lives in it more than he lives anywhere else, for such is the agonized economics of the jeepney system. (To earn a decent profit, the driver must be out there before dawn, and must not stop until there are still passengers to be delivered.) Of the domesticity of jeepney decor, we need no further instruction. For what else, other than homely space, are we supposed to intimate from the familial interior decor?

That the jeepney is architecturally created rather than manufactured is quite clear in its form. All other motorized vehicles aside from this *sui generis* are spewed forth — in the original concept of the pre-fab — by giant press molds, automatically and in laboratory sterility. Cars, buses, airplanes aspire to the formal integrity of body that we mentally associate with the magical and extraordinary (for instance, the seamlessness of Christ's robes, rocket ships, and sacred rocks). The gloss of the exterior approaches that of mineral, is not a skin, and can never be achieved by hand sculpting. Streamlining — of the assembly line, of the surfaces, of the conceptual ambitions such as aerodynamics — is the outstanding motivation. Hence, entering a car or a bus or an airplane is entering an age of machine perfectability, and not the capsule of spiritual vulnerability which we know a home to be. The production of these sleek travel machines belongs to the pantheon of supra-human ambition.

In contrast, the jeepney refers us back to sources and origins. Entering it, we stoop, literally on the threshold of a cavern or a hut or a tent, the original human shelters. The jeepney is of course manually assembled. The chassis is first of all a metal frame-work, house-like in configuration. Imagine an Indian tipi or the traditional *bahay kubo* before the skin/wall is laid-out: these dwellings are built slowly around an outline of sticks defining space. Piece by piece, the thatch of the *kubo* and the GI sheets of the

jeepney are made to fill up the parameters outlined by the framework. The joinery is not so much mechanical, as, well, weaving-like. Spaces left uncovered simply become window and entrace, a sort of voided surface. Early jeepneys had canvas roofs. And the surfaces have always been textured. The *kubo's* thatch maintains an organic sensuousness. The metal of the jeepney wall does not partake of the 20th century nuances of the metallic (all hardness and shine), instead remaining gritty, rough to the touch, somewhat like stone. And when this epidermis takes on the hand-applied coat of paint, it becomes rather organic.

"The biological identification of the body with house and temple and its connections to the land are nowhere so clear as in the dwellings and village plans of primal peoples." The quote is from Lucy Lippard, the American art critic who has recently discovered the archaic as chthonic source of contemporary art-making. Lippard proceeded, in the book "Overlay", to cite examples of body-inspired houses — the African Dogon, the American Indian dwellings — taking care to note that such anthropomorphic architectural aesthetics were deliberate, complex, full of an ancient grace; a religious understanding pervaded the sites. This is the same intelligence which

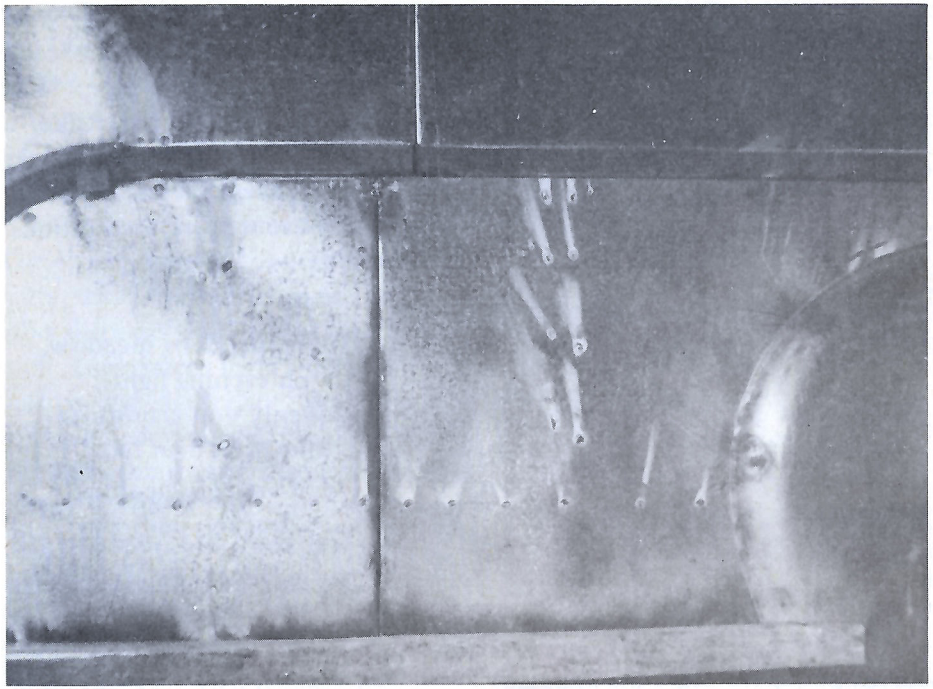


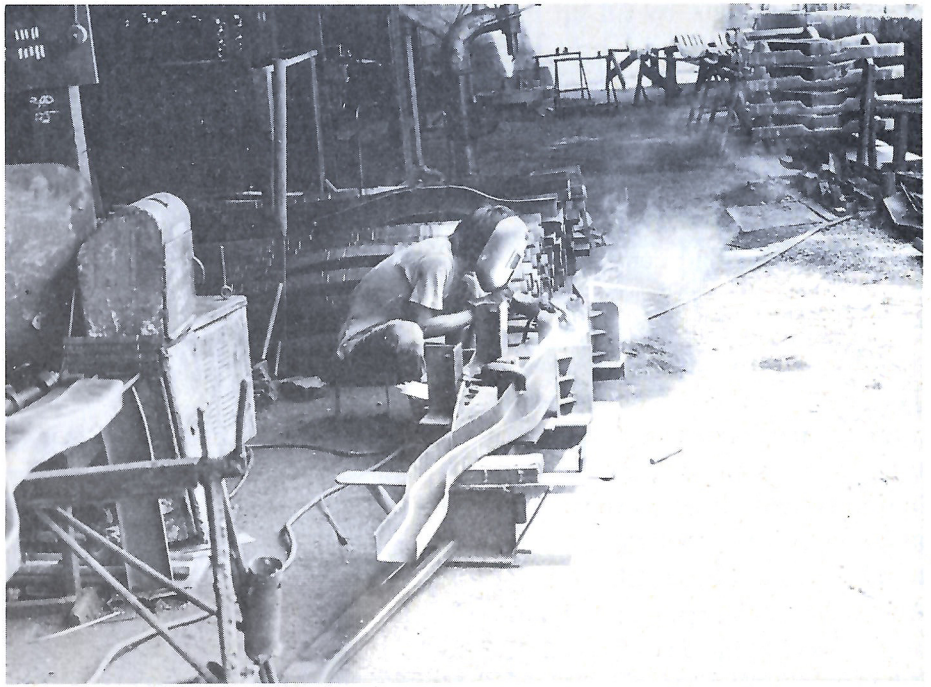
brought Frank Lloyd Wright to recommend buildings that should grow out of the landscape, " like a tree". Rainier Maria Rilke, a poet who we might say speaks with an ancient's voice, did not miss this source of meditations. Wrote he:

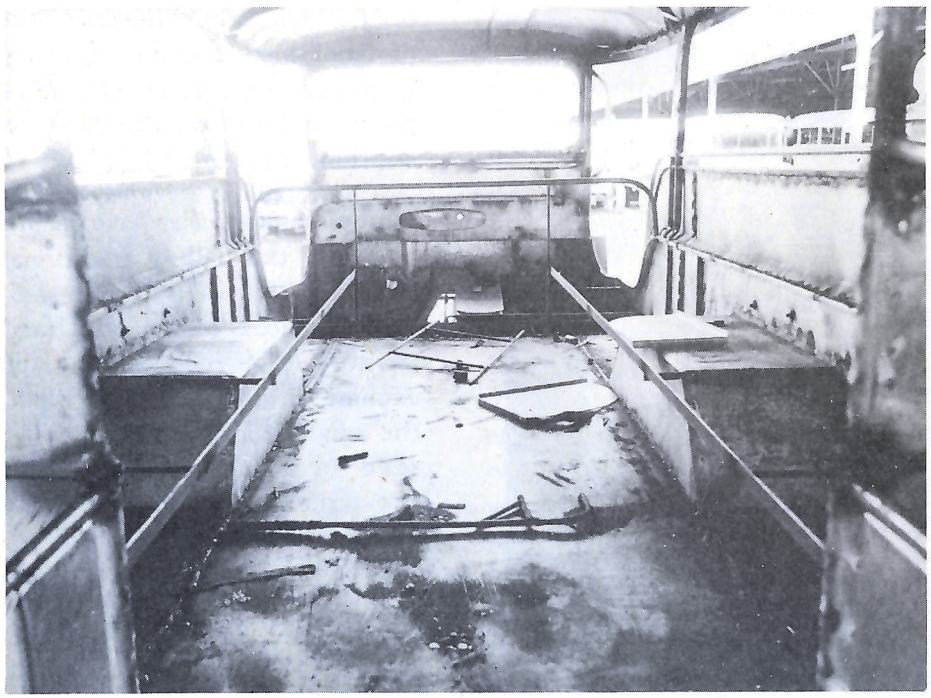
"House, patch of meadow,
oh evening light
Suddenly you acquire an
almost human face
You are very near us,
embracing and embraced."

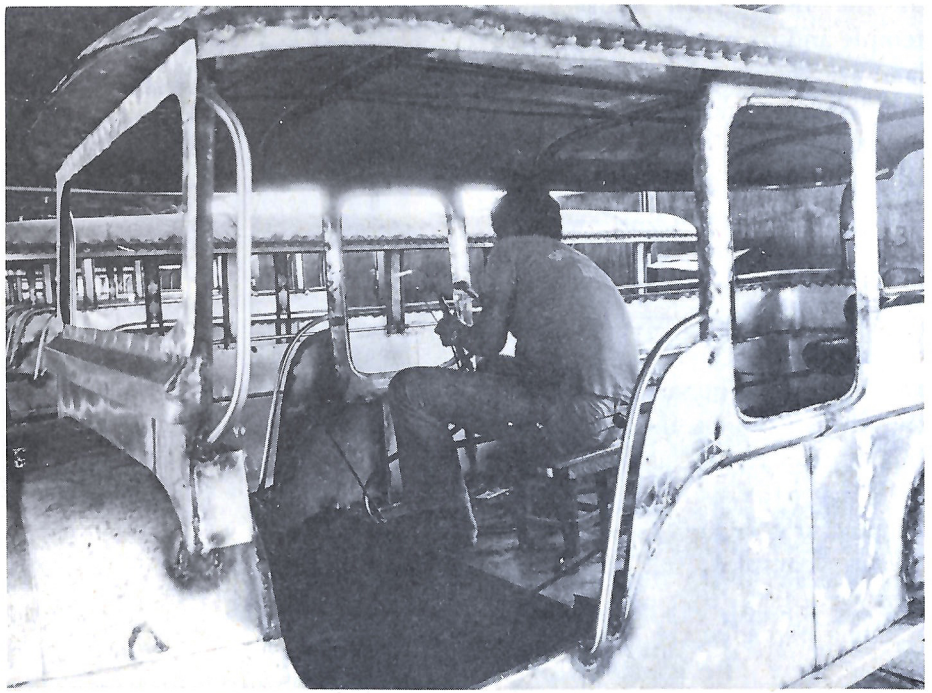
Rilke was introduced by Gaston Bachelard in "The Poetics of Space" as the poet who "well knows that the house holds childhood motionless in its arms." Child hood, protection, home, source, origin, self, the universe: the unity of these notions, so lovingly pulled together in the Rilke poem, seems to me the best description of our *bahay kubo*.

Filipiniana scholars have recent-proposed that the traditional Philippine hut is only the sheltered nucleus of an inhabited territory that encompassed the expanse of nature itself. To them, the small Ifugao hut is grand scale because the astounding rice terraces are part of the self emanating out of that dwelling. We have always occupied the land, our "patch of meadow" with "the evening light" rather than a cell, as we have always









insisted on a home with a "human face". According to this scholarship, lack of privacy in a dwelling with commonly-shared rooms (which have no fixed functions), is precisely an expression of the "intimate space" which is the natural context for familiarity, interaction, and *pakiramdaman.*

So it is – in fact to a startling degree – with the jeepney. I cannot avoid the analogy that the body-centered house offers. I double take and see the jeepney, for instance, in this one other resonant paragraph which I must quote. Written by Georges Spyridaki, it says: "My house is diaphanous, but it is not glass. It is more of the nature of vapor. Its walls contract and expand as I desire. At times, I draw them close about me, like a protective armor . . . . But at others, I let the walls of my house blossom out in their own space, which is infinitely extensible." This is exactly the jeepney's dynamics of form and use. The driver inhabits the vehicle, and in it (with it) inhabits the territories of his activities. A protective armor he wraps himself with, in which he configures an exhibit of talismanic objects and messages, the jeepney driver's vehicle cum home simultaneously allows him closure and expansion. The child's universe is intact.

V

The body-oriented sense of space and place is an old human habit and it appears that all of architecture derives from this impulse to project the self outwards while remaining psychically intant. Still, it has gifted the human race with staggeringly different cultural trajectories. Jose Ortega y Gasset pins the start of Western civilization to this very same body-centering which has given the Pinoy his house/landscape and jeepney/territory. But with a twist.

"The Graeco-Roman decides to separate himself from the fields, from nature, from the geobotanic cosmos. How is this possible? How can man withdraw himself from the fields? Quite simple: he will mark off a portion of this field by means of walls, which set up an amorphous, limited space. Here you have the public square. It is not, like the house, an interior shut in from above, as are the caves which exist in the fields. The square, thanks to the walls which enclose it, is a portion of the countryside which turns its back on the rest, eliminates the rest, and sets up in opposition to it. This lesser, rebellious field, which secedes from the limitless one, and keeps to itself, is a space *sui generis,* of the most novel kind, in which man frees himself from the community of plant and animal, leaves them outside, and creates an enclosure which is purely human, a civil space. Hence Aristotle, the great townsman, quintessence of the spirit of *polis,* can say: 'I have nothing to do with the man of the city.'" The city has become over the last few milennia, the main expression of civilization, and the principal unit of cleavage between man and nature.

Late in Western civilization (1872 to be exact), the citified man found occasion to grapple with body-centering and body-projection once more. The philosopher Robert Vischer coined the word "empathy" *(Einfuhlung),* and endowed the notion with an almost mystic quality. Empathy is the forming of emotional union with an object outside the body. This was an unusual intellectual position to take at that time, for it suggested that, say, the feelings of an artist while making a work of art might very well be construed as the content of the art. The inner self might be projected onto, as a matter of fact, anything at all. (This finding of the self in things and the world – the grand master of which skill is our jeepney driver – is the absolute opposite of the idea that man is defined unto himself, an idea nurtured by the city.) Theodor Lipps in *Raumenesthetik* ("Aesthetics of Space") was later to fashion a doctrine out of empathy. He theorized that positive empathy or beauty issues from finding the self in an object, and negative empathy or ugliness is when that self is repelled.

This century, Jung described a dream, his own, where he explored a house, his psyche. It was a dream of passage back into time, said he, from a "conscious" elegant inhabited living room down to the "unconscious" cave-like cellar where he found the remains of an ancient civilization.

What have all these to do with our jeepney? To be sure, nothing. For we have always known empathy. (Isn't this the whole point about animism?) We have never– I guess until the day we built our first high-rise, which was fairly recently – enclosed ourselves within walls that separate us from the land. (Even our master architects are constantly puzzling over ways by which to incorporate *bahay kubo* or *bahay na bato* into skyscrapers.) Riding a jeepney daily in the middle of our never-quite civilized cities, we need not dreams as Jungian time tunnels. Our ancients and their Mind (the street is me, the vehicle is me, even the people are me) survive the asphalt burial, riding with us. We might say, with parochial glee, that Western civilization took some three thousand years to rediscover the archaic, to come back, full circle,

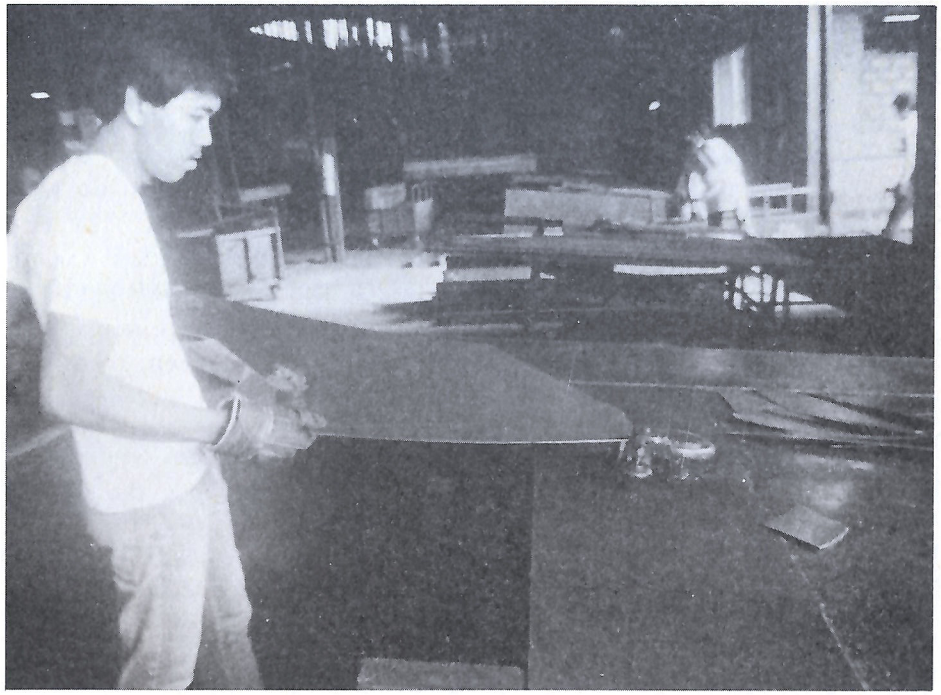
to where we have remained all this while.

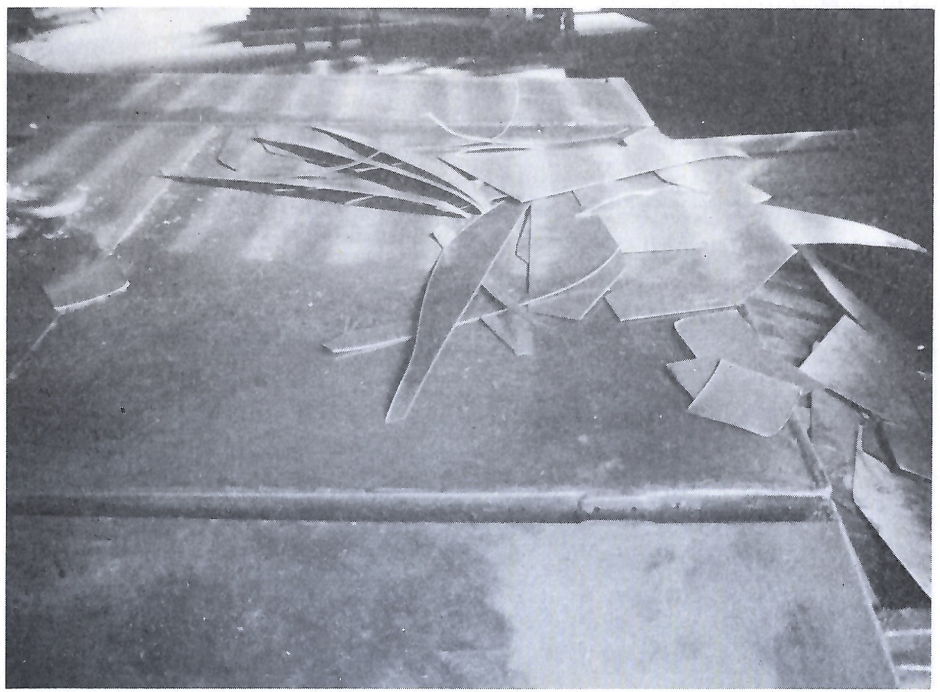
VI

The ghost of jeepneys – which we have been after – are our ancients. Everywhere we turn, to whatever aspect of the jeepney we focus our attention, they seem to materialize, apparitions, though full-bodied and lusty, and very much alive, thank you.

For instance, I was trying to resolve what at first appeared to me a conflict – whether the jeepney is first of all a sculpture or a house – since there really is much that is sculptural about the jeepney. At the Sarao works, the area where they assemble chassis and attach this to the axle, looks very much like a sculptor's studio. (Abueva's I thought.) And then the metal plates, the framework rods, the nice fat chains with enormous hooks for lifting, and the piles of parts, all looking like pieces of Castrillo's work: the ambience is decidedly that of an atelier (which, by the way, is from where we got *"talyer"*). Even the burns on the GI sheets where the solderer's flame found its mark were the sculptor's special evidences. Besides, the energy of the three-dimensional effort was very palpable.

Sculpture, I read, is purposeless. Houses of course, are purposeful: architecture is the most





functional art there is. (We should even heighten this concept of functionality and say that architecture is human necessity.) Well, the humongous and super-yellow false bumper that Sarao has recently invented does not *serve.* The forest of antennae, the *faux tambuchos,* the lightless (or even light-giving) headlights in multitudes, the grillwork, the rubber mudguards that act like curtains around the jeepney's hem, are all devoid of any function, except the purely sculptural one of "expression". Needless to say, the horses and swans and plastic wings are forms in space.

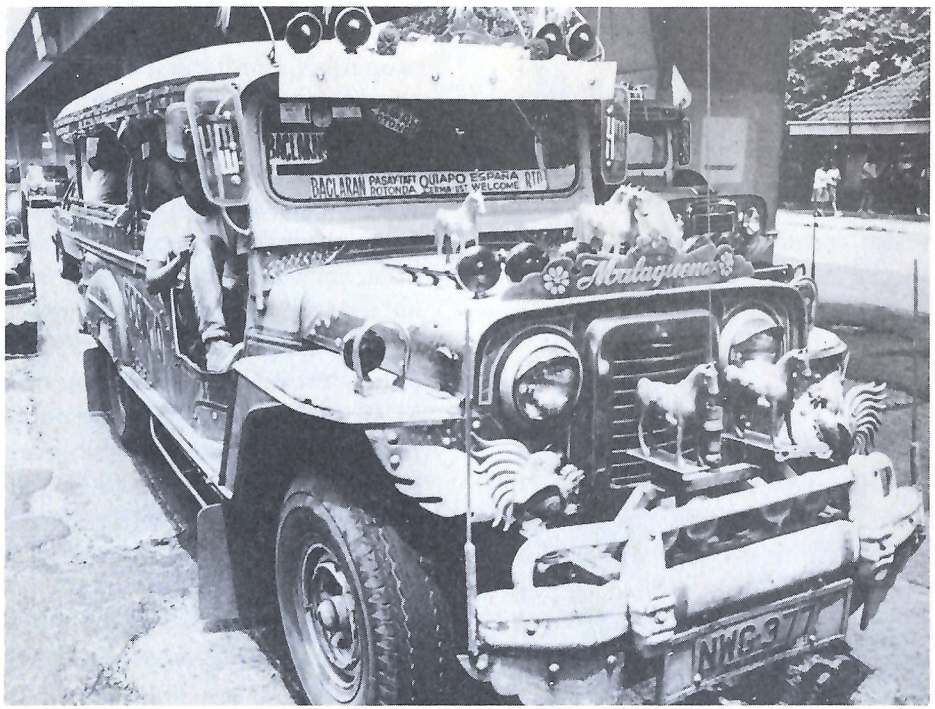
Following through, I thought it should be useful to connect all this to the only true sculptural tradition the Philippine evolved. Ifugao rice gods are fully three-dimensional (and are a distinct class of art objects from Maranao relief work; Paete woodcarving which scholars suspect developed from carving to sculpture rather late, that is to say, during the Spanish colonial period; and the Sulu *ukkir* which remains close to bas relief). Now, Ifugao sculpture – like the Polynesian tiki figures and the awesome Benin statues – are not representational. Though they approach human form, they clearly were not intended to be portraits of man or the gods. An Ifugao *bulul* is a dwelling. The divine resides

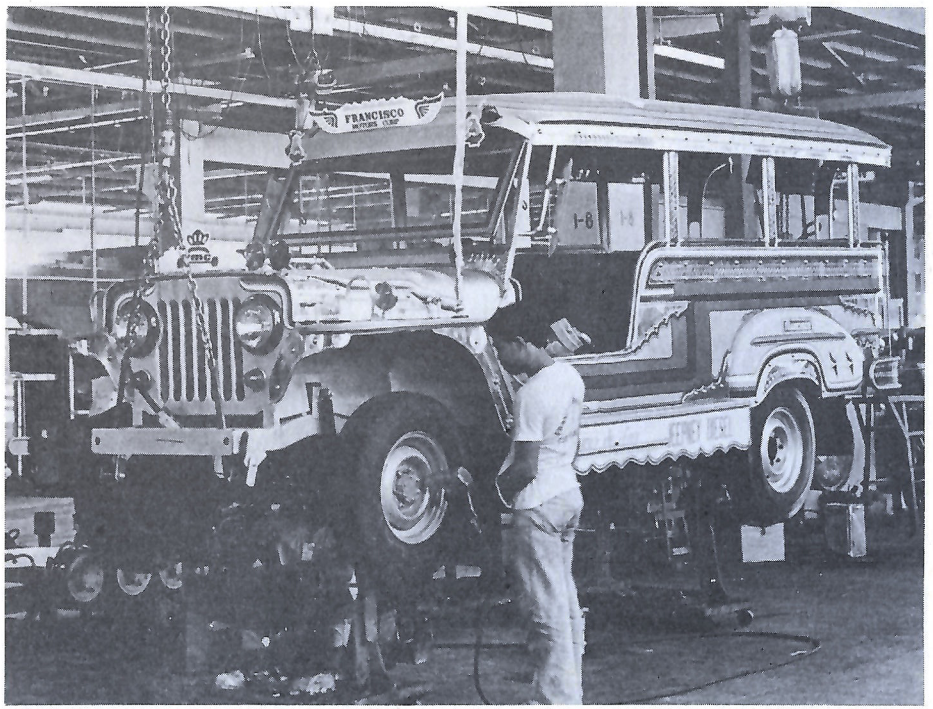
in the form, and hence he guards the granary with a potency that is *present,* instead of merely *represented.* And it appears that truly (wonder of wonders) the origin of sculpture is tied-up with the idea of habitation! The residence of the superhuman was what the Venus of Willendorf was. Purpose and purposelessness, sculpture and architecture are two sides of the same banana. Might not, therefore, the jeepney be the address of a divinity?

Things, said Proust, are gods. If being—human, divine, inorganic — is immanent in the jeepney, what then might be its formal expression? What, in other words, might be its dress?

VII

Jeepney is dress as the T'boli *t'nalak,* the Gaddang ensemble with the mysterious eye motif, the Kalinga fiery loincloths and *tapis,* is dress. In the same way that the aesthetics of *patong-patong* or non-stop addition is distinctively jeepney, the Bilaan blouse derives impact from assemblage of the disparate. Coins, plastic buttons, mother-of-pearl discs, appliqued rhombs, circles, stars, *ikat*-dyed crocodiles, lizards, humanoid things, antique beads, plastics beads, platelets of metal, braids, tassels, embroidered crosses, parts of a missionary's rejected dress, horse hair: anything might be found in this





haute couture. More ancient than *bricolage,* the dress art of traditional Filipinos is about as wanton and syncretic as the jeepney. Maybe they're the same thing (the same self, the same god).

Of course, this art that never ends (we can't relate to the Western art object, *sa totoo lang*) isn't without order. But it is a different class of order we might train our eyes to see; I can't go looking around for the Golden Mean, naturally. If we copy-cat Ferdinand de Saussure and use the game of chess as a point of departure, we might begin to appreciate a chessboard-like space where every move changes the entire system of relationships, with repercussions backwards and forwards in time and space. Add one horse to the hood of a jeepney, and pretty soon you might have to add another, for the relationships between horses and hood and windshield keep shifting as in a dance, or a game of chess. In a Kalinga *ginamat tapis* the completion of a row of mother-of-pearl platelets occasions the further addition of another row, and so on. This way, the entire surface is filled up with a strange symmetry. In a *balagtasan,* the to-and-fro continuity, addition and improvisation, proceeds similarly.

Ten horses on one side and ten horses on the other. On a blouse, this might be a thousand tiny beads bunched up and on an opposite border, a similar *burlo-loy.* In contrast to, say, Louis XIV symmetry, which is conceptualized before execution, the jeepney and the Bagobo pair of pants attain symmetry as further additions are absorbed into the art-making. The dancer and the chess player knows that each move occasions another. And the activity need not end, which seems to be the whole point about it all.

There are further analogies. Indeed the allegorical concurrences never seem to quite end, apropos enough. Dress is self, as any shrink will instruct us. Ornamentation is self, by logic of poetry. Of course, decoration has sort of acquired a bad name in this century – particularly *over*-decoration, which is synonymous now with bad taste, and hence the jeepney is *baduy,* and the stridently colorful Muslim clothes are *declasse* – and is thought to be extraneous to a complete whole. But there must be something amiss in this class-y perception, because I can't imagine a whole jeepney without its decoration, as, naturally, there is no way to think of a T'boli woman without ten earrings and twenty anklets and – I wish I had the chutzpah – wearing a belt with hundreds of clinking brass bells.

Ananda K. Cooraswamy in " The Transformation of Nature in Art" has some observations useful to us. He recalls that in the world's greatest cultures (Indian, Chinese, among others), ornament or decoration did not stand for excess, frivolity or "gratuitous prettification". On the contrary, these enchanced the attributes of the person. Etymologically, "decoration" is rooted in "decorum", which refers to things or objects absolutely necessary for humans, persons, or situations to function properly. (When the Pope for instance, speaks *ex cathedra,* that is, "from the throne", he is infallible. The throne, part of the "decorum" is not incidental to the gestalt.) Ornament therefore speaks of necessary equipment, such as those to be found in ships, altars, "or in rhetoric, to what is needed for effective communication by speech." Cooraswamy also notes that the word charming comes from *charm,* or something which possesses magical power. And "cosmetic" comes from cosmos, "and therefore what is needed for proper order."

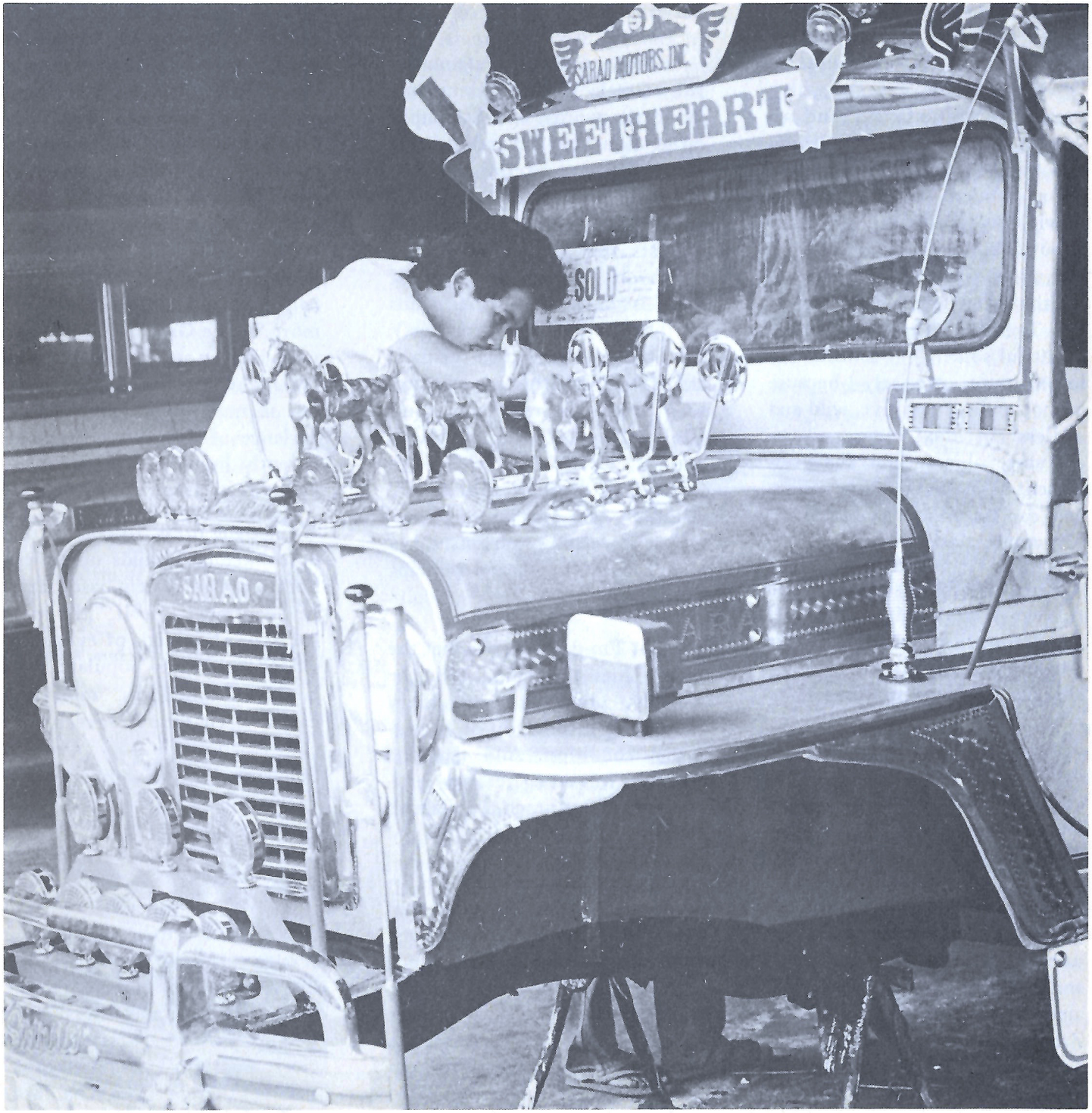
"The original meanings of these terms, by now sadly cheapened as the functions to which they refer, preserve an attitude to which our crude distinction between what is needed to perform physical functions and what gratuitously pleases the senses is entirely alien. The pair of eyes painted on the prow of a boat in ancient Greece or in New Guinea is as essential to a safe journey as the proper shape and wood for the boat 'itself'. Similarly a building relies on the entirety of its shapes to serve the human mind. Viewed this way, the ribs indicating the structure of a vault in a Gothic church or in a sports arena by Nervi are as indispensible as the vault itself, and the foliage of the Corinthian capital is as necessary as the column."

Following the examples of Rudolf Arnheim, above quoted from "The Dynamics of Architectural Form", we might say that the horses are part of the decorum of the jeepney, and quite necessary to its functioning properly. Similarly, we might consider re-considering the crown above the Virgin (and understand why some embed it with diamonds), the *potong* of the Tausug, intricate cut-work on Bulacan *pastillas* wrappers, and indeed the "excessive" numbers of dangling accoutrements of ethnic dress. If the real function of all these things (again implicating Proust's line) is god-head, and that animists that we are, we see the divine in the self, then the jeepney might be completely – and newly – accessible to us.

Another thing we might comprehend is – not only the sheer

plenitude of decorative touches – but the singularity of their "Meaning". It were as though everything tacked on the jeepney, no matter how wildly diverse, repeats the same chant. Twenty-four, thirty mirrors on the hood are not rear-view instruments: they magnify the self, repeatedly, like an incantation. The driver builds up an inventory of redundancies – many decals, many words, a host of memorabilia, each item mirror-like, reflecting and thickening the air with images of an extravagant selfhood, god-like in its absolute will. Understatement, of course, will never do. An economy of signs will never communicate the overwhelming urgency to be regarded as an intact human being, worthy of attention. "If something is absurd", said Eva Hesse, it is much more exaggerated, more absurd as it is repeated . . . Repetition does enlarge or increase or exaggerate an idea or purpose in a statement."

Repetition, incessant processionals of objects and utterances and provocations, a structural dismissal of restraint while remaining faithful to the essential rhythms: I could very well be describing ritual. A recitation of the Kalinga *Ullalim* or the Ilocano *Lam-ang* epic, the ninth-day or fortieth-day prayers after death, a *cenaculo* – take any example, for we do not have a lack



of performance and prayer forms which obviously derive from archaic ritual frameworks. These are "endless" affairs, fraught with a passionate redundancy. And never are they tempered by the durational assumptions we project upon modern experience (a movie or concert should take about 2 hours, a TV ad about 30 seconds to a minute). But can we, on the other hand, circumscribe the Tagbanwa *pagdiwata* ritual, beautiful sorcery – beautiful and intoxicating precisely because monotonous, repetitive, wild and endless? In ritual, time, gesture, costume, objects and the ever-present divinities work in concert, and can be used over and over, perpetually, insistently. Mantras.

Ritual is of course the archaic context of art. And art in ritual, aside from being handmaiden to religion, inhabits mythic from, as we have seen. Jeepney *bricolage* – though using the throw-aways of mass consumer culture – occasions the survival of that mythic art-making. Proust was absolutely on-target. Gods inhabit things. And in the jeepney, those Proustian gods are rather like our *duwende*, who mischievously occupy some ethereal space between the words "Right Side" and "Suicide", between and among the colors of the Phyllis Zaballero spectrum (spectral, perchance?) on the sideboard, between the sad tear on the seat and somebody's ass.

VIII

"Ethos anthropoi daimon." The Greek ancient Heraclitus spoke the words, and I'm implicating him here because he was apparently one of the first human beings to intuit a fusion of science and poetry. The phrase suggests that our moral nature is *daimon. Daimon:* "our guiding spirit is from the purified souls of the dead" (Guy Davenport); "any natural function in the individual that has the power of taking over the whole person" (Rollo May); " the power of nature" (Faust, speaking for Goethe); "Eros is a daimon" (Diotima, the teacher of Socrates). Something possesses us about the jeepney, and perhaps this is its name.

What I'm getting at is that the invisibilities compelling us in the jeepney, dream-like, are likely the mythic expression of our national condition. And that the Self which is so aggressively articulated is very much a collective self.

This brings us back to Jung. In his enhancement of Freudian analysis, Jung divided the unconscious into two levels. The surface level he called Personal Unconscious. All the superficial features of the jeepney are obviously a hallucinatory poetry issuing from thischthonic stratum. Jung, however, described a deeper, darker nadir which he called the Collective Unconscious. "To this area of the psyche Jung ascribed those dreams and patterns of symbolism which have a transpersonal quality," according to an essay titled "Waking Dream and Living Myth" by Ira Progoff. And then Progoff added a word to the wise: "Jung's use of the word *collective* must be understood more in the German rather than in its English sense. He meant *kollectiv*, which has the overtone not so much of the multiple experience of the group as the inherently human." The entire society dreams the same dream.

Gaddang dress, to take a random example, builds up an elaborate design system based largely on a single motif, the *mata* (or eye). Thousands of eyes in rigid processionals populate their beautiful loincloths, *tapis* and capes. Each wearer or each weaver of course has an individual Self concealed in those eyes, or so we might imagine. But more to the point: the entire society's identity is at stake in that design. If it were lost, the Gaddang nation itself will be probably lost. It is this definition of art as a chorus singing the same song – with individual voices simultaneously self-expressive and organically tied-up with the rest – which gives traditional art its power. And yet there is more. That *mata* makes appearances all over the archipelago. Yakan, Bilaan, Kalinga, Bagobo (among others) clothes exhibit them. And recently, in an exhibit of Kazahkstan and other Central Asian fabrics: there it was, peering out!

The jeepney is equally collective expression. The name on the dashboard may be exquisitely personal, but all jeepney drivers use their names as design motif. Allusions to the pantheon of rock may be a matter of personal taste – the driver could very well be a fan of Michael Jackson – but most every jeepney "rocks" anyway. ("Thriller" ghouls are all over the place.) Racing imagery might be purely individualist, that is, somebody out there might really be deeply into cars, as there is a pretty accurate rendition of an Indy 500 winner and one portrait of the Le Mans race course. Still, the signification of the race is pervasive. Racing stripes are now In. "Excuse my dust". Flame-drawings: the newest Sarao Super De Luxe model is all images of fire. The Hollywood muffler which gives an angry Vroom-Vroom. Racing numbers, tilted sideways, as would be correct in Indianapolis. *"Alikabok"!*

Plutarch said that "there is no one way of telling the tales of the tribe." And hence each jeepney driver permits himself the

most singular voice. (One will have a painting of a *tambucho* disorging rocket-like exhaust; another will say "Dust to dust"!) Again we confront the nature of myth, which is that it is true beyond all statements of truth.

So: Jung loved interpreting dreams, for obvious reasons. As for ourselves, how do we get our *daimons* to speak clearly? I'd like, personally, to follow the advise of Ingmar Bergman, when he was guiding an audience through his mythical movies. Said he: "Like a dream, you don't have to understand it . . . You just have to recognize it. The dream is never intellectual. But when you have dreamt, it, it can start your intellect."

Dream-time (*a la* Australian aborigine)! Going back to the jeepney, we find that one outstanding set of images is related to flight. Certain designs are direct copies of airline logos. I've seen the Swissair cross (which of course was at first misleading because a certain madness, or humor, is *sine qua non* to figuring out the relata), the JAL crane, Aerolinea de Mexico's Aztec eagle Singapore Airline's stylized eagle, Indonesia's Garuda. *Et. al.* There is one jeep out there with a huge sign saying "Swissair". Certain designs are a little bit more difficult to decode, but for instance, those mandalas in rows created by power-sander on chrome, first appeared as decoration on the nose of Charles Lindberg's "Spirit of St. Louis"! And then there are the very direct statements, for the dense among us: someone installed a big toy airplane in place of horses on his hood. Further: there is at least one portrait of the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk launching their prototype bi-plane.

It appears that the jeepney was not indifferent to the heroic years of manned space flight (the late 1960's). It was during those years when metal studs in the shape of satellites or capsules became standard jeepney jewelry. There are those hood ornaments in the form of the early rockets— the V-1 and V-2 — which designs were stolen from the 1950's Oldsmobiles and Packards. One jeepney has a painting of the Lunar

Excursion Module on the moon. And then there are the moons, stars, suns doodled in all available spaces. There's this driver who sports these words on his windshield: "SPACE OBJECT". And we shouldn't miss the ever-present "MACH 1" (or 2 or 3).

In the prescient movie *"Mababangong Banggungot"*, filmmaker Kidlat Tahimik a.k.a. Eric de Guia contrived one totally absorbing tale about a jeepney driver who was also the founder and sole member of the Werner Von Braun Fans Club, Philippine Chapter. The film's tongue-in-cheek, dream-like structure provided the suspension of super-rationalization which would have killed the idea of a jeepney taking flight.

The jeepney's form is horizontal, earth-bound. The jeepney's mythology is vertical, flight-bound. It has been said that horizontality is the space of action. Verticality is the space of intellection . I don't think these two opposing trajectories cancel each other out. May I therefore call Kafka to witness, the man who said: "Genius is the ability to listen to two things at the same time." I daresay we might all partake of that species of wisdom, if we *recognize* (Bergman's word) that the *daimon* we are after (and are constantly threatened of loss) is a center.

Fr. Francisco Demetrio, S.J., who is the Philippine's authority on mythology (the spokesman for ancient voices), wrote that: ". . . we have enough indications to understand the meaning and structure of myth and ritual even today. There are at least two sources of evidence: first, the myths of the beginning which are closely allied with the motif of the Center, and the institution of shamanism which is still found in the Philippines today. Both the myths with the motif of the Center as well as the Shaman serve notice of the need to return to the Center if man and the world are to continue in existence, as well as increase their life".

The connection of shamanism with the jeepney may be a little too far afield. But the notion of Center certainly must be investigated. Fr. Demetrio noted that: "The motif of the Center is pervasive. . . However, it comes in many guises." In the jeepney, the motif is completely undisguised. Mandalas are verily a handwriting filling up the connecting spaces between the loud and energetic art-works, somewhat like Bach's silent thematic continuities almost secretly pulling the bombastic parts together. Jeepney mandalas — flowers, suns, concentric circles, asterisks, lozenges (eyes, like those in Gaddang fabrics), diamonds, *yin/*

yang-like sketches, the Spirit of St. Louis impressions which are almost standard *decorum* — also pull together the major themes of jeepney discourse.

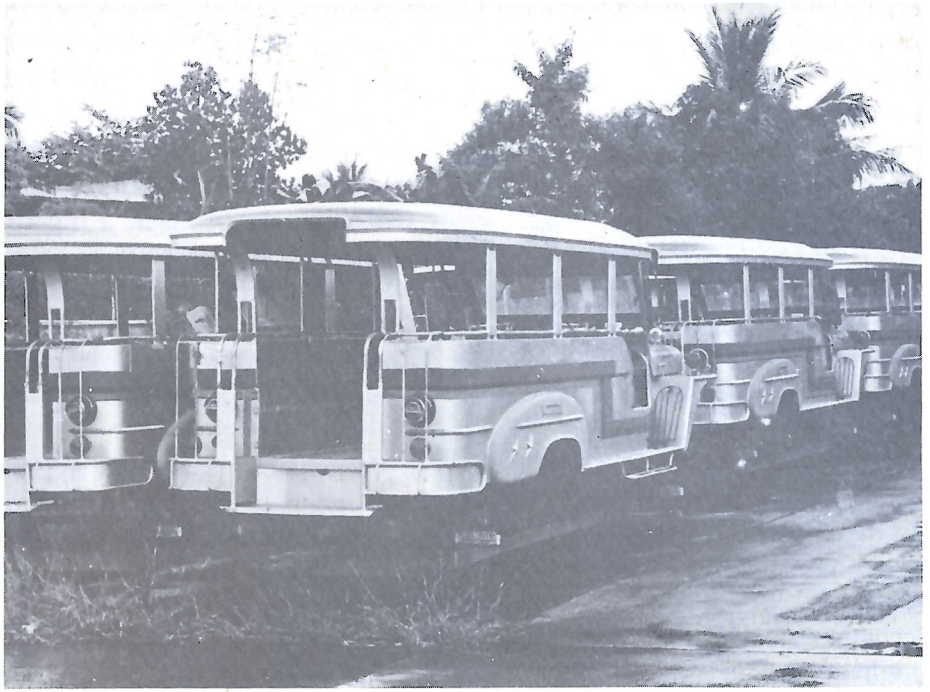
In dream-like juxtaposition, those themes are: Self, wholeness, home, Center, mythic intelligence, integrity of man in nature, ritual (particularly with reference to meditation), totally of the psyche. "This fixing of the place, that is, the act of centering the world, in order to give it stability and firm-ness, had to be accomplished first, before the ordering or the filling in of the elements of the cosmos could be brought about," again according to Fr. Demetrio.

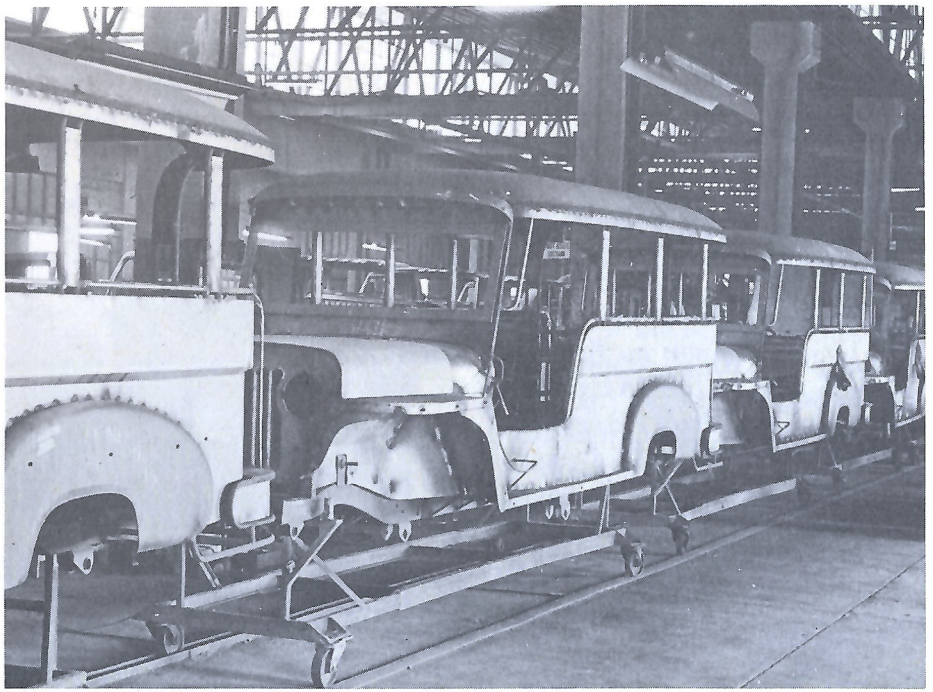
IX

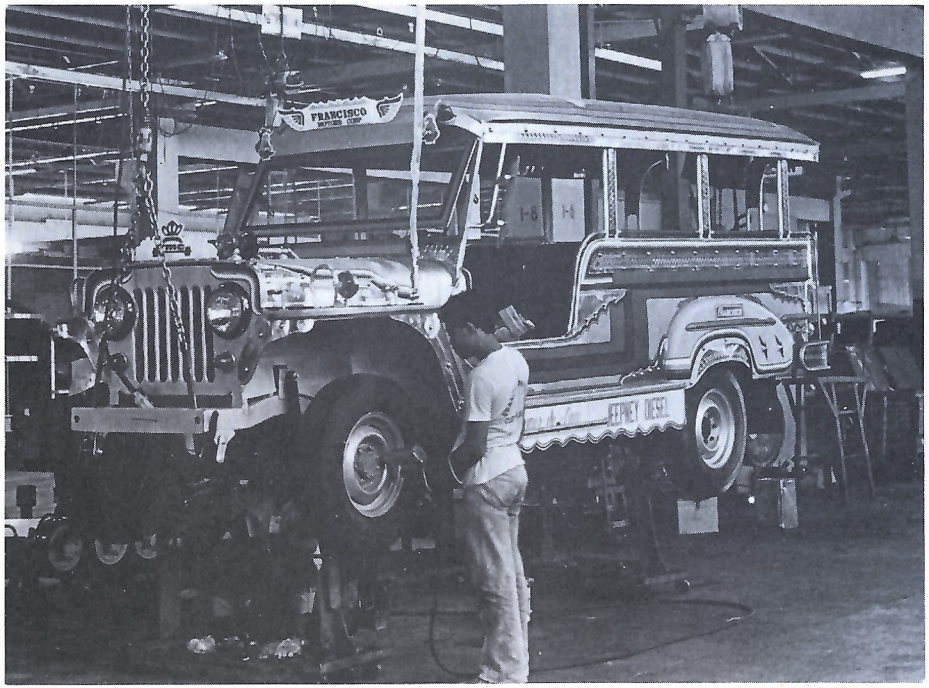
O.K , we're neck deep in the warm and dark waters of the chthonic, and probably need to surface for air. Back to the jeepney. Confronted by its chaos once more, it seems almost improbable to even imagine all this mumbo-jumbo business of centers and stuff. And indeed, the insistence of conflict as a theme goes all the way back to the jeepney's "birth" in the jeepney factories. Mr. Sarao and the Francisco Motors owners, to just choose two of the more popular jeepney makers, do not in fact make jeepneys with the same type of energy.

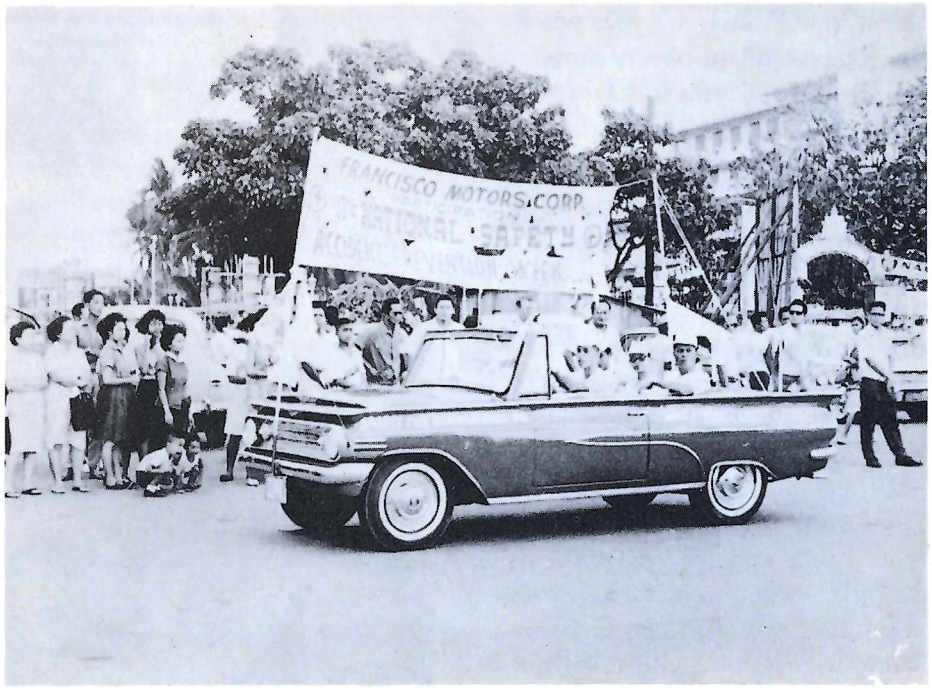
Mr. Sarao's office is filled up by humanity. There are people and things cheek by-jowl giving off a kind of incoherent buzz around the control area, Mr. Sarao's desk. Behind that desk, the grand old man clipped out his doctrines, which consisted of, essentially: jeepneys are jeepneys are jeepneys. They are decorated by hand, and authored by Mr. Sarao. And I got the impression that so long as he is jeepney king, the jeepney will stay true to its completely and excessively outrageous and unchanging form. By the way, said he: *"wala yang ibig sabihin."* At the Sarao yards, the machines which to their progenitor are devoid of any meaning but that of *pakulo"*, continue to be made largely by hand, as in handicrafts. The earth is hardened by a beautiful grease and dirt overlay, the very textures of human labor evident: footprints, specks of paint, hand-cut metal.

Mr. Rey Francisco is among the second generation owners of Francisco Motors Corporation, and he sits in an office stripped of decor and human commotion. He carefully outlined the progress of the company, noting the many times they had actually attempted to make cars and mini-buses. The Francisco works are enormous silos, almost sterile, and showing off an atmosphere of machine efficiency. Mr. Francisco himself said that he marvels at Japanese production, and those robots! Deep in the









One of the cars designed by Francisco Motors

cavernous buildings, there were surprises. Painting is done in specific "rooms", protected from dust. And they now actually make buses. Today Francisco Motors makes only half the number of jeepneys as *the Pinoy* (owing, he said, to the new economic configuration). The proportion is a complete reversal of the figures from half a decade ago, when jeepneys were really big business.

The Sarao jeepney is of course the archetypal jeepney, and the one which Pinoys and tourists feel most strongly about. It is also the Sarao image around which nostalgia and possessive feelings find substance. And it is the opposite dynamics between Sarao and Francisco types which reminds me of an observation by one Kurt Goldstein in "*La structure de l' organisme*": "the damaged or sick organism which only seeks self-preservation (is in contrast to) the healthy organism which is prepared to undergo new experiences." Now, I am not for a second pitting one against the other. Our society has always been so rich in such contradictions that it is difficult, and perhaps ridiculous, to be forced to make selections from black and white. Our condition has the same tragic-comic absurdity that the poet Rilke synopticized, when he said that if his demons abandon him, so would his angels.

The anguish of our time is the quest for a Center. This cliche (The Filipino Identity!) has a mythic dimension. And its visual materialization is the jeepney.

x

According to Claude Levi-Strauss, the Brazilian Indian imagined the rainbow an omen of death. The Greek goddess Iris (the rainbow) presides over spring. The rainbow breaks up light; and it divides the heavens between dark and cloudy – and clear and bright. Spring, rainbow-like' takes over the winter gloom. Nonon Padilla wondered if Ray Albano, whose paintings suddenly took on a super-bright color spectrum, and who, I might add, chose the jeepney for this year's Annual, had intimations of death.

There are two wings – so familiar to us we hardly take notice of them – always poised on the lateral ends of the top of the jeepney windshield. Between these wings which are definitely the Egyptian Pharaoh's falcon (might they have been copied from the Egypt Air logo?) is the jeepney's special name: the driver's, his loved one, the owner's. In the Egyptian Book of the Dead, the very same wings uncannily-enough fan out from a figure of a god of death, that figure framed by the wings the same way it is with the jeepney. The Egyptian image was in fact a heiroglyph, and it meant the soul seeing itself separate from the body at the moment of death.

In the Tibetan Book of the Dead, there is mention of an effigy which must be constructed during the prayers of the newly deceased. The effigy must be surrounded by the "five excellent sensuous things": "(1) a mirror, symbolic of the body and which reflects all phenomena or sensations, and of sight as well; (2) a conch and a lyre, symbolical of sound; (3) a vase of flowers, symbolical of smell; (4) holy cakes in a receptacle, symbolical of essence or nutriment, and of taste; (5) the silk clothes of the central figure and the overhanging royal canopy, symbolical of dress and

ornamental art, and of the sense of touch". Mirrors, music, flowers that are votive offering, tiny bottles of San Miguel Beer and the constant Stork and Juicy Fruit, and dress and canopy. The jeepney is an effigy of death, half a world away from Tibet.

In Buddhism, death is not an end, but a transition (*"Bardo"*), a *detente,* something in-between states, a Center. Christianity has no obvert equivalent for the transitional state since it has precluded the notion of reincarnation. Still, it proposes the idea of Limbo. It also proposes an image, magically jeepney-like.

The *Santo Entierro,* the Dead Christ, shows the Son of Man in a hearse – the form preserved by the jeepney – in a death which is transitional. Christ, who is a Center (to those of us who have the faith), or as someone who proposed himself as a Center (to those who follow other creeds), philosophically *centers* those dualities which give us such grief. History versus ahistory. Temporal versus eternal. Eastern versus Western. And as the *Santo Entierro,* the Christ straddles two lives.

As the soul with Egyptian wings ascends from earthly matter at the moment of death, the soul peers, and looks down, and sees the number of people huddled together in that cramped and compact space composing a divine body. I, the expert commuter, am (or become) part of the dead divinity. I, the self, as passenger suddenly see myself as Christ passing through. Heading for Limbo, the harrowing of hell is at hand in the concrete pavements amidst the noise and chaos of the streets of my beloved city. In transition from space to space, from one dimension to another, in a more real *entierro*, where an anguished darkness is vanquished by a hidden chthonic fevered light of revelation, insight and communion—each and every passenger is thus united. In the secret gleam in everyone's eyes, they like myself, in the meanwhile, await the resurrection.

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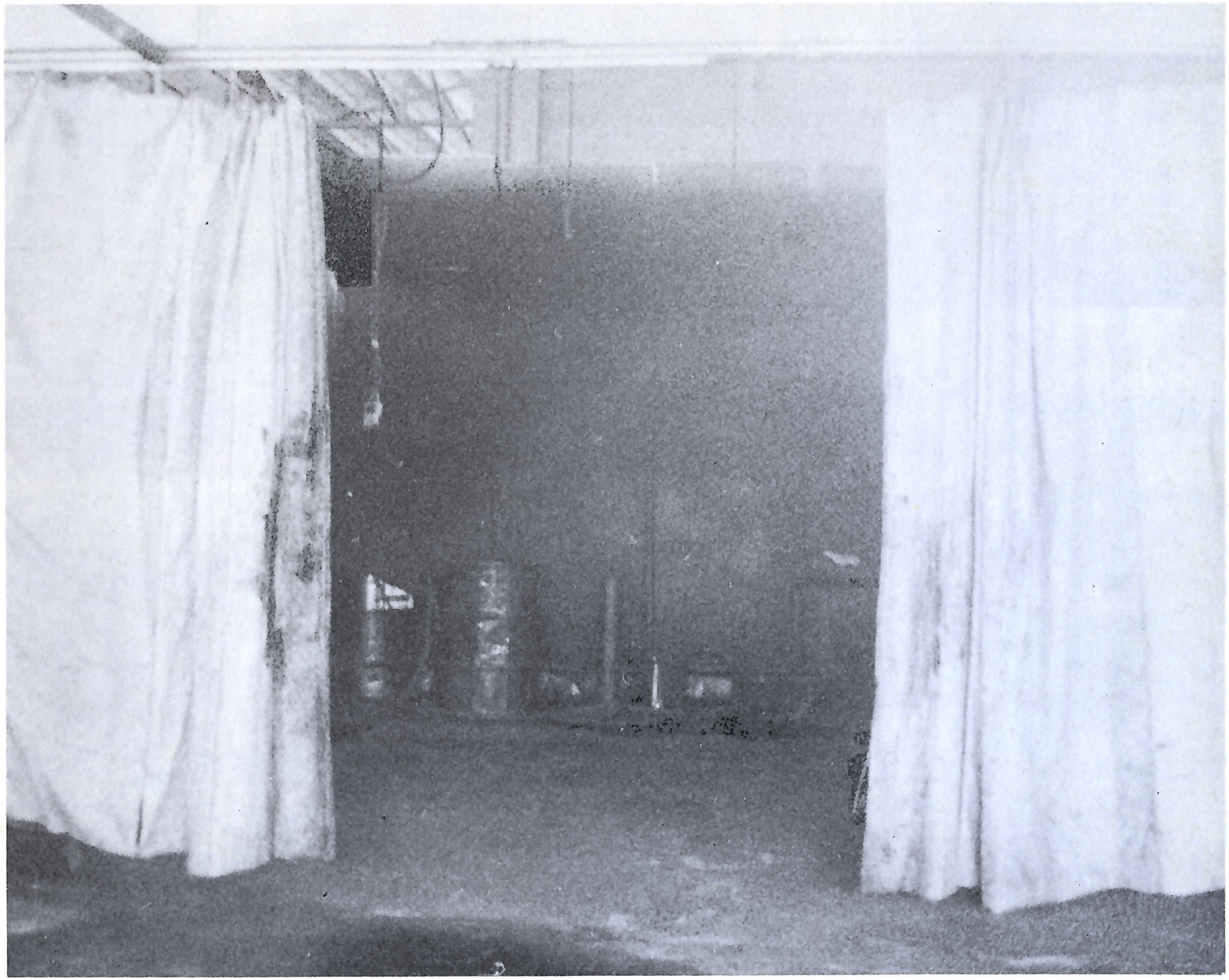

"Painting Room" at Francisco Motors factory

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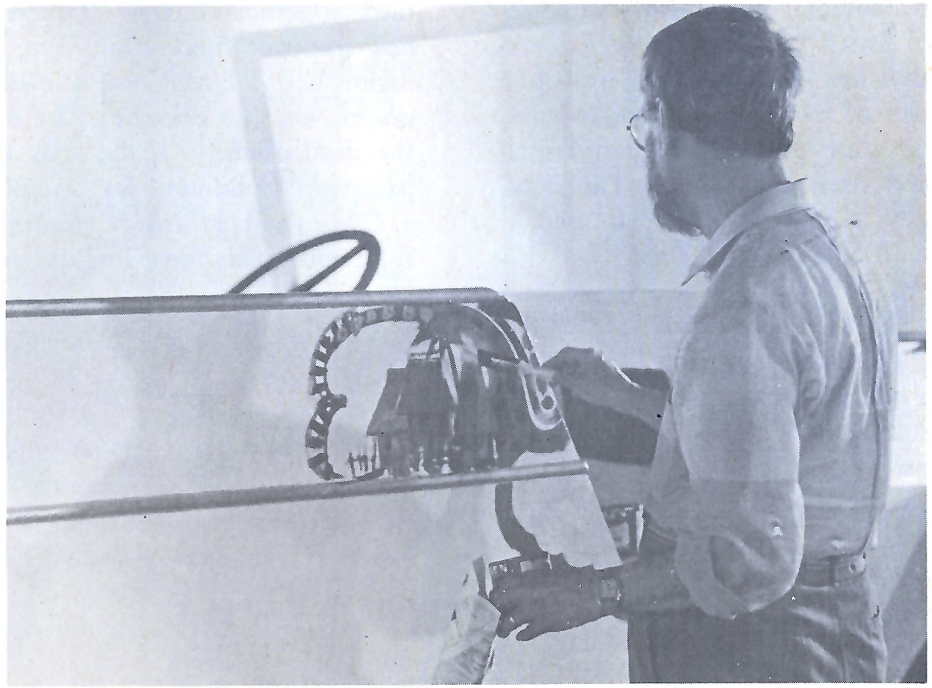

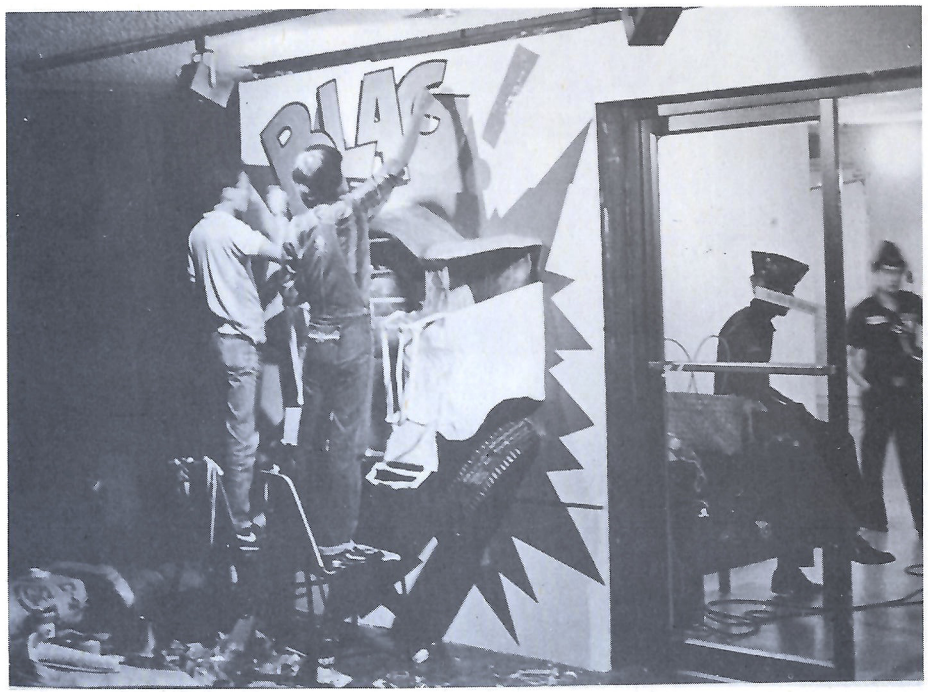
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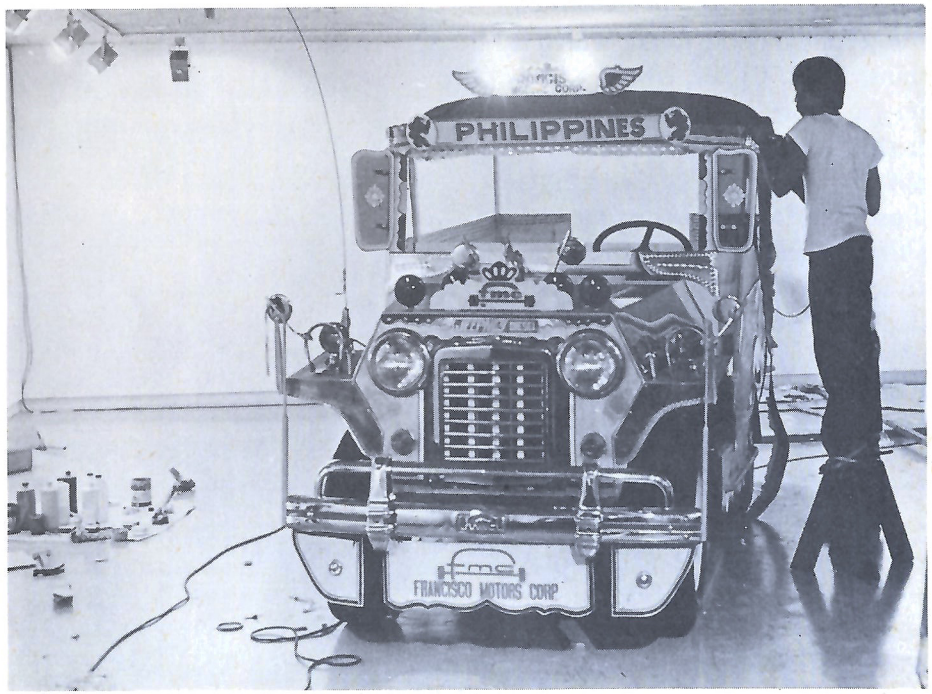
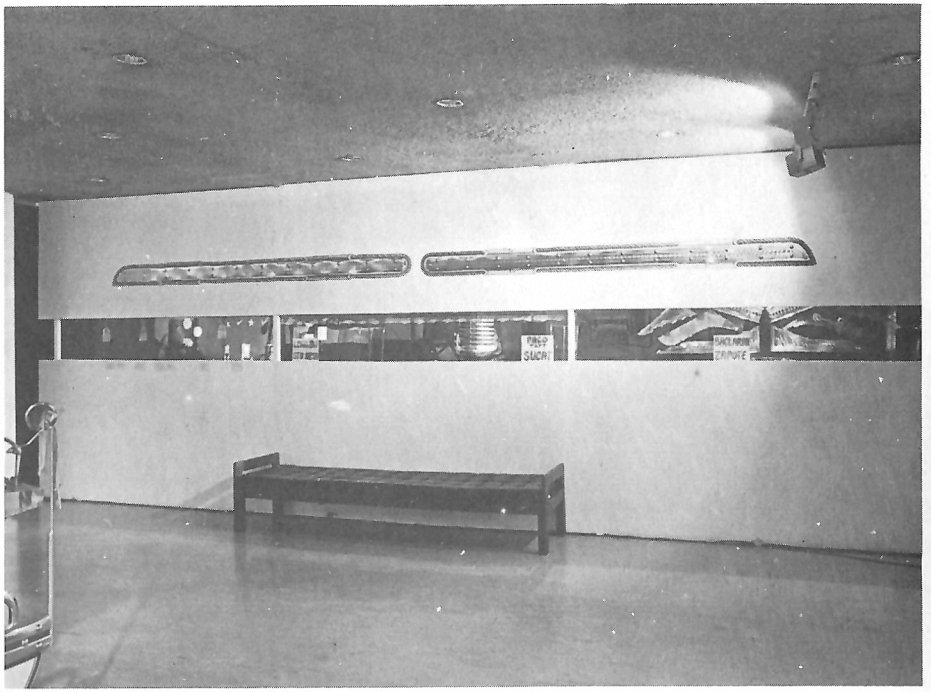
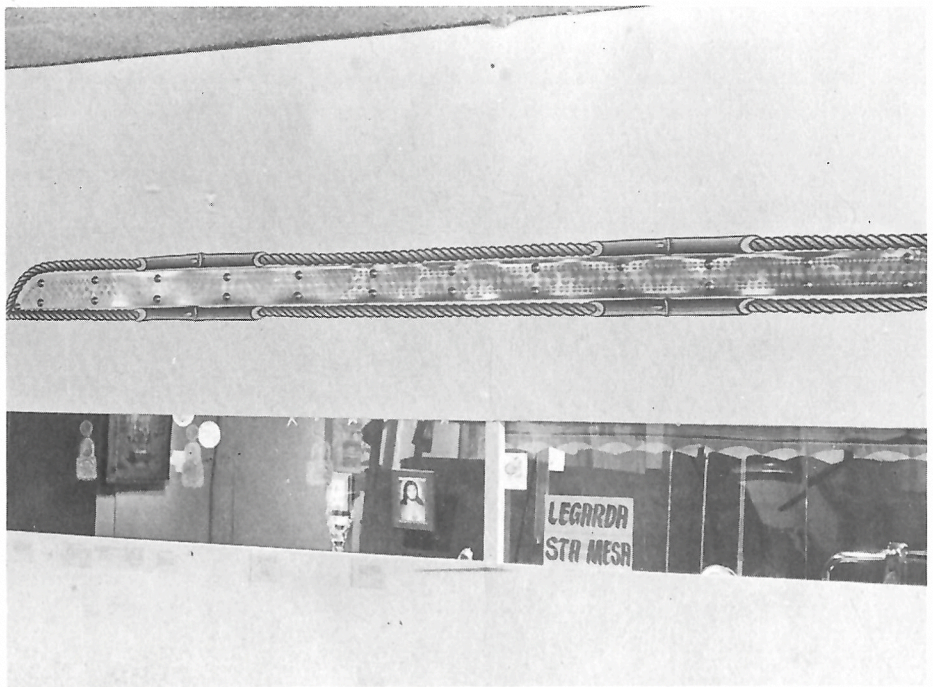
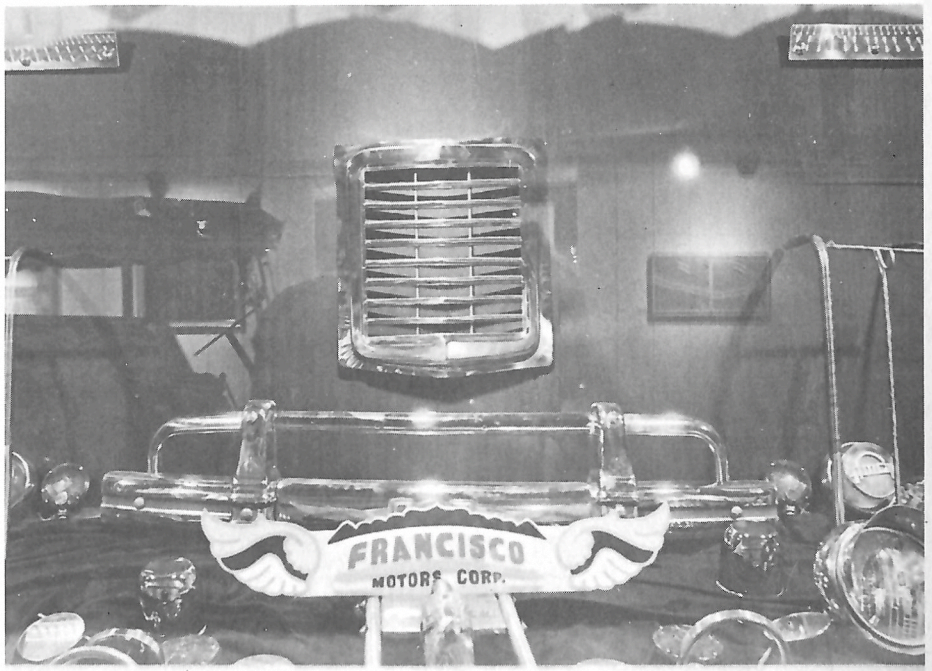

PHILIPPINES
FRANCISCO MOTORS CORP

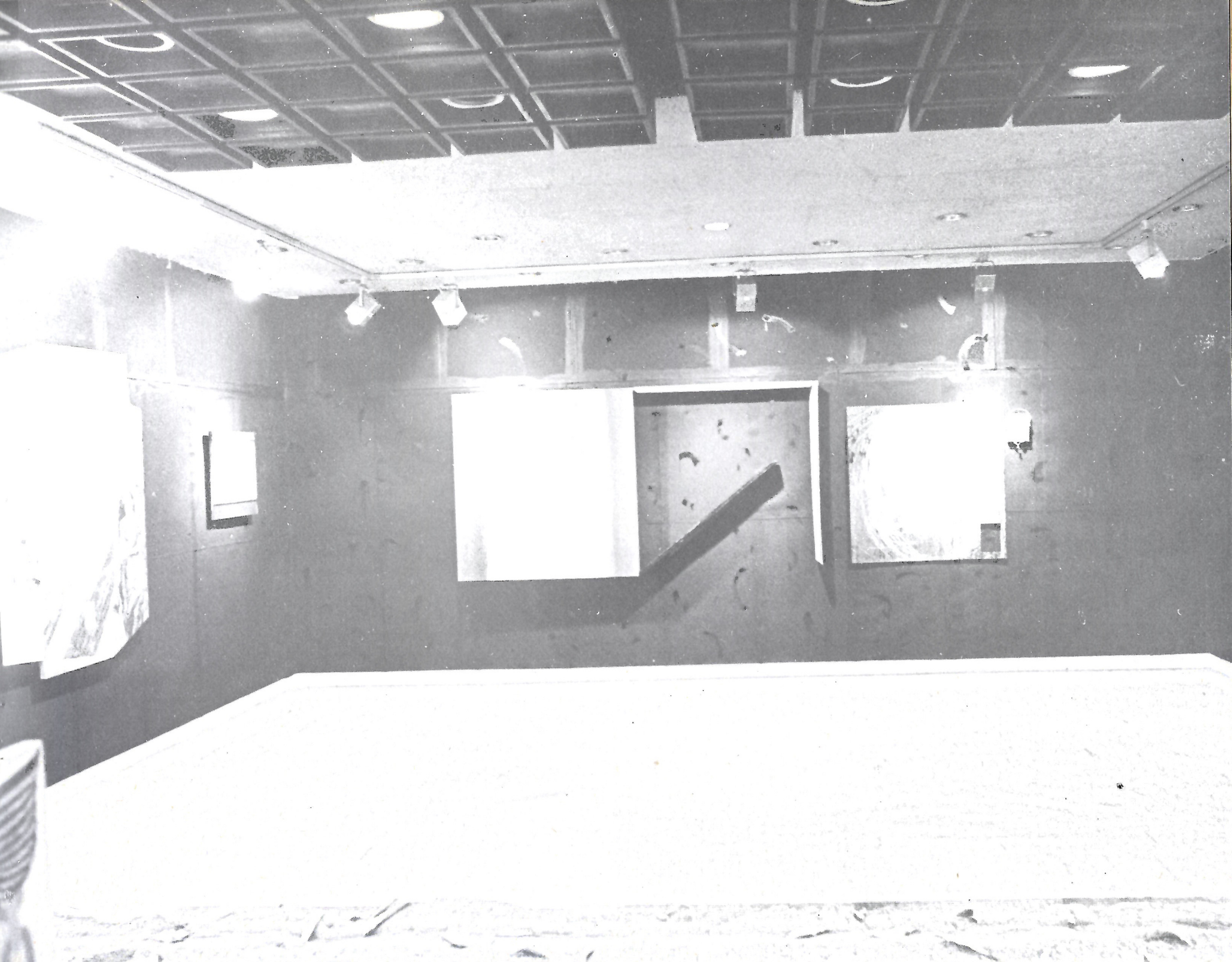
THE EXHIBITION



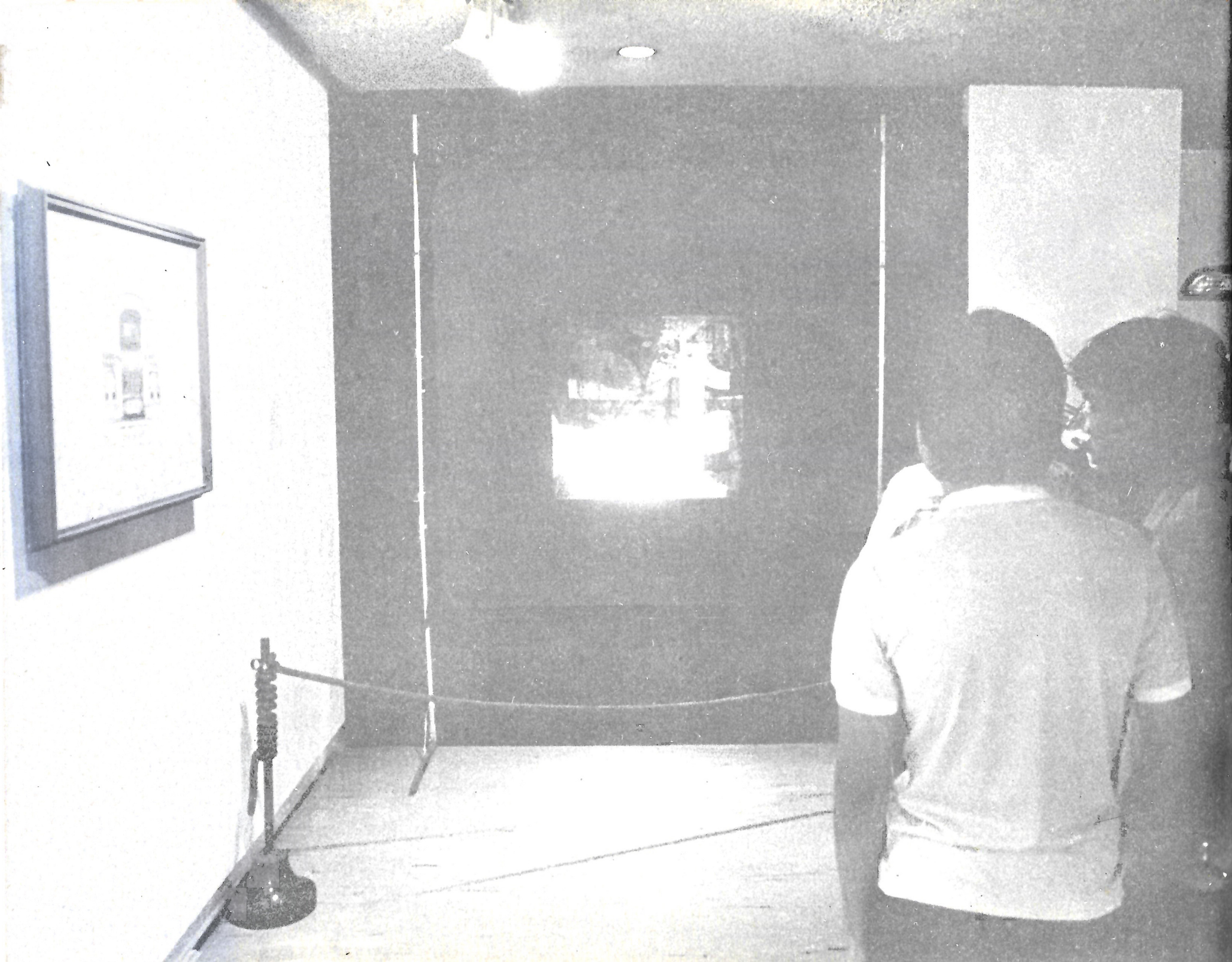

LEGRRDR
STA MESR


FRANCISCO

JFFPNF

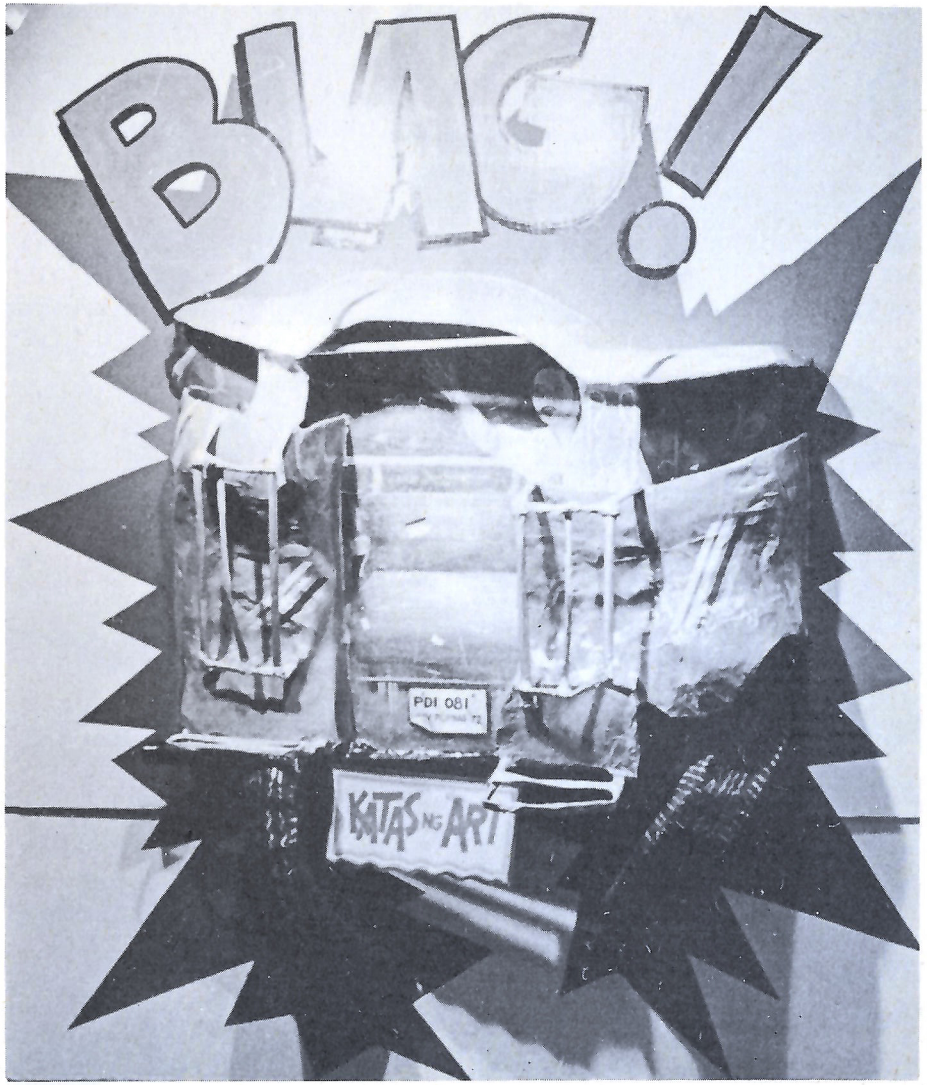


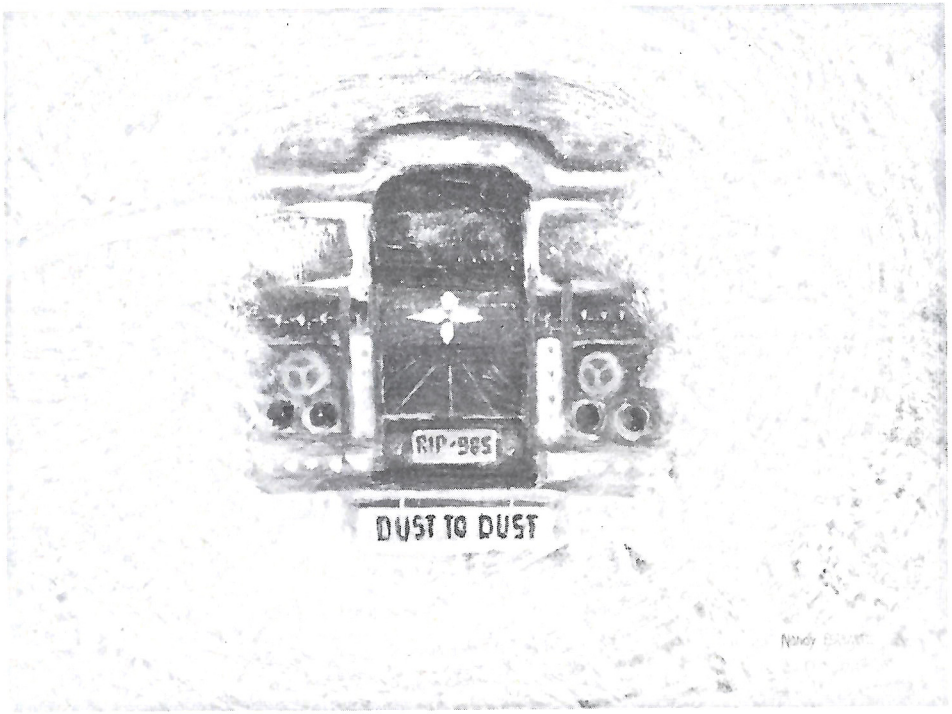
GOD KNOWS HUGH'S NOT

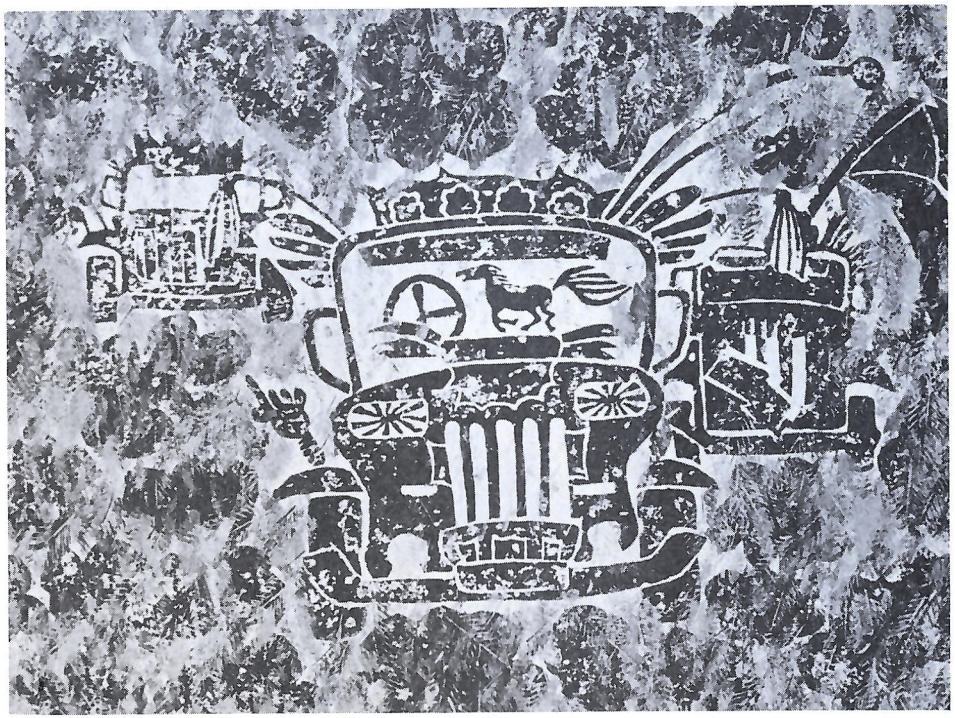


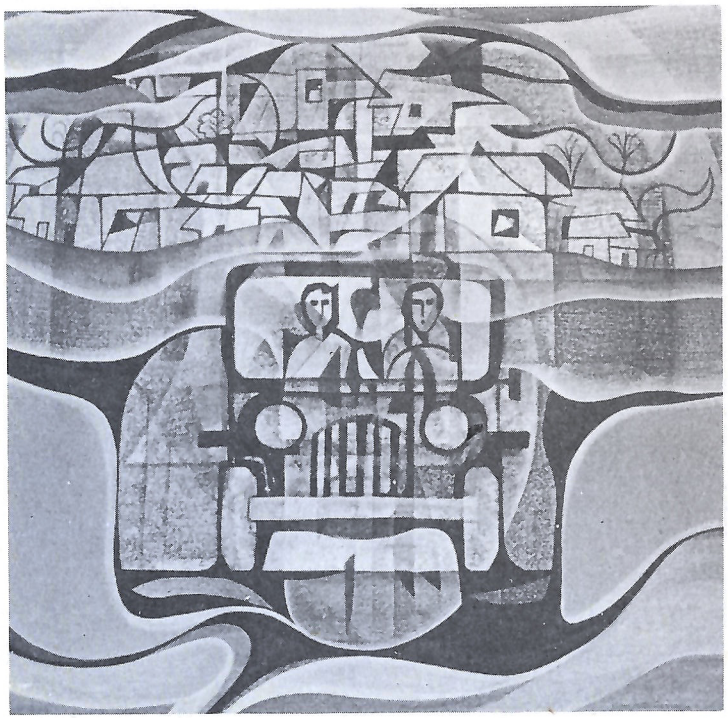
LUPA

THE CATALOGUE







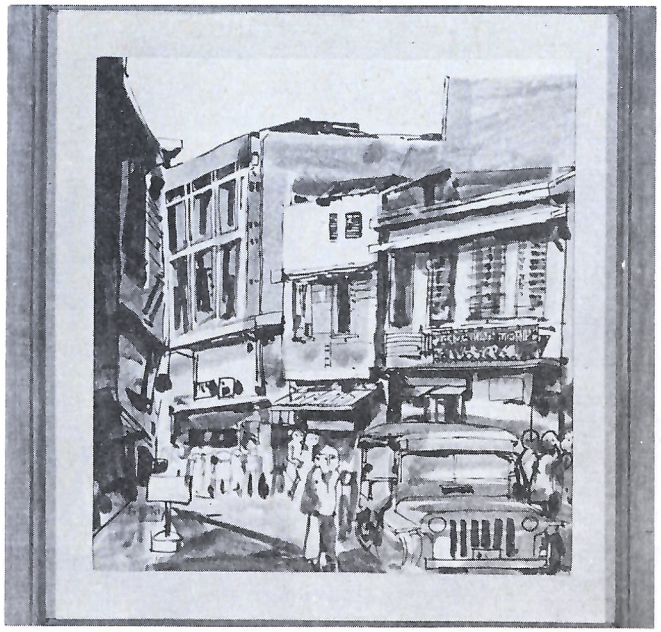


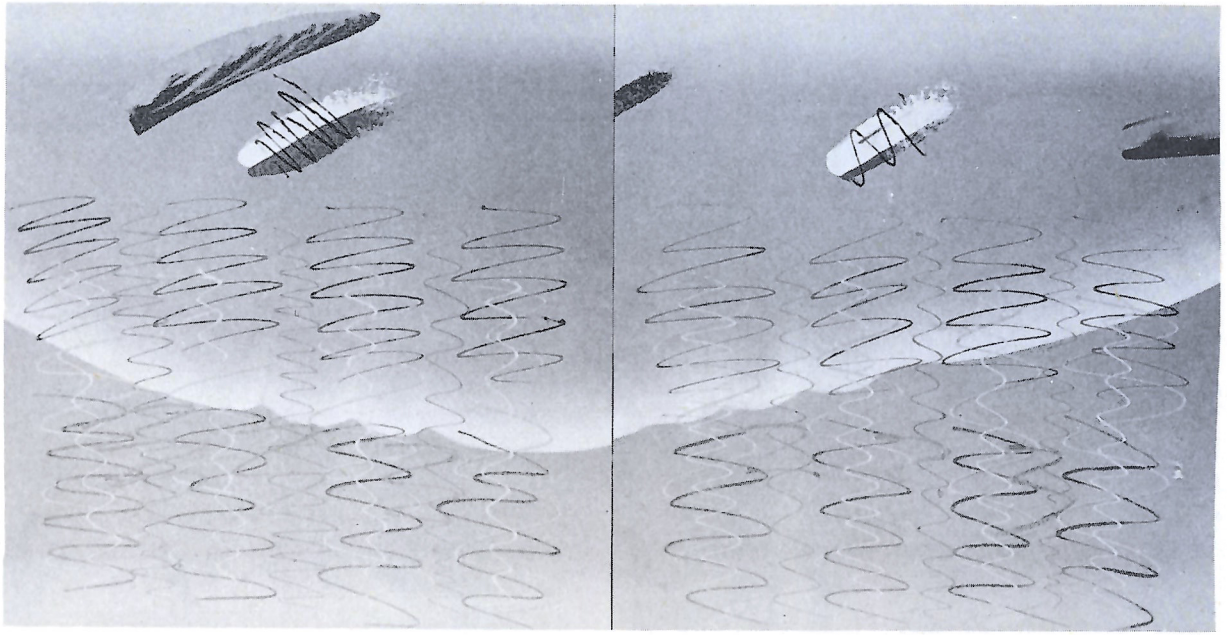
Cat. No. 43

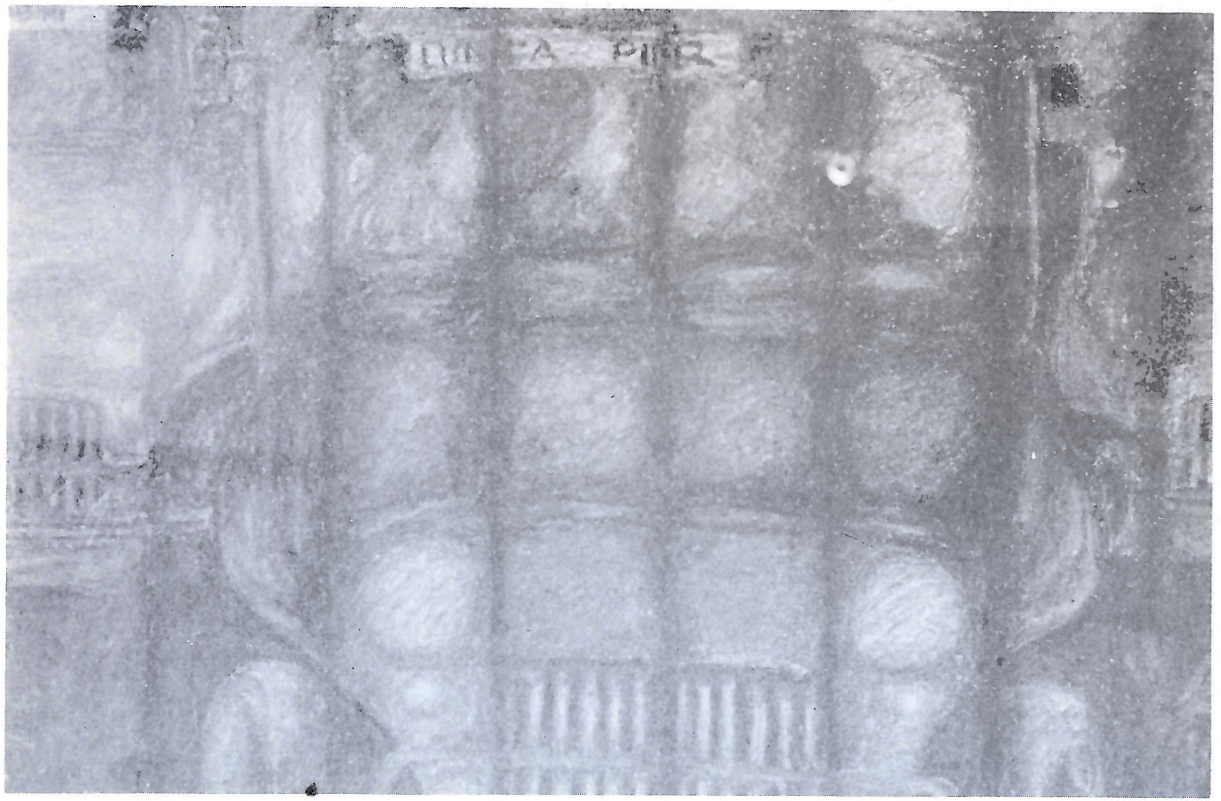
Cat. No. 32

Cat. No. 46

Cat. No. 57





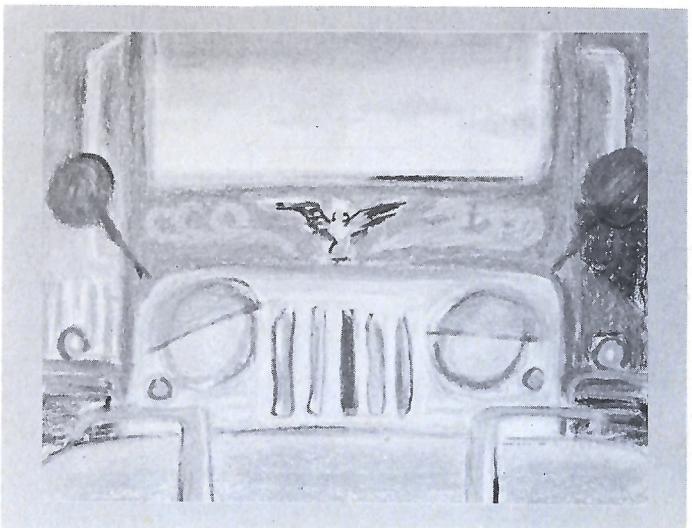


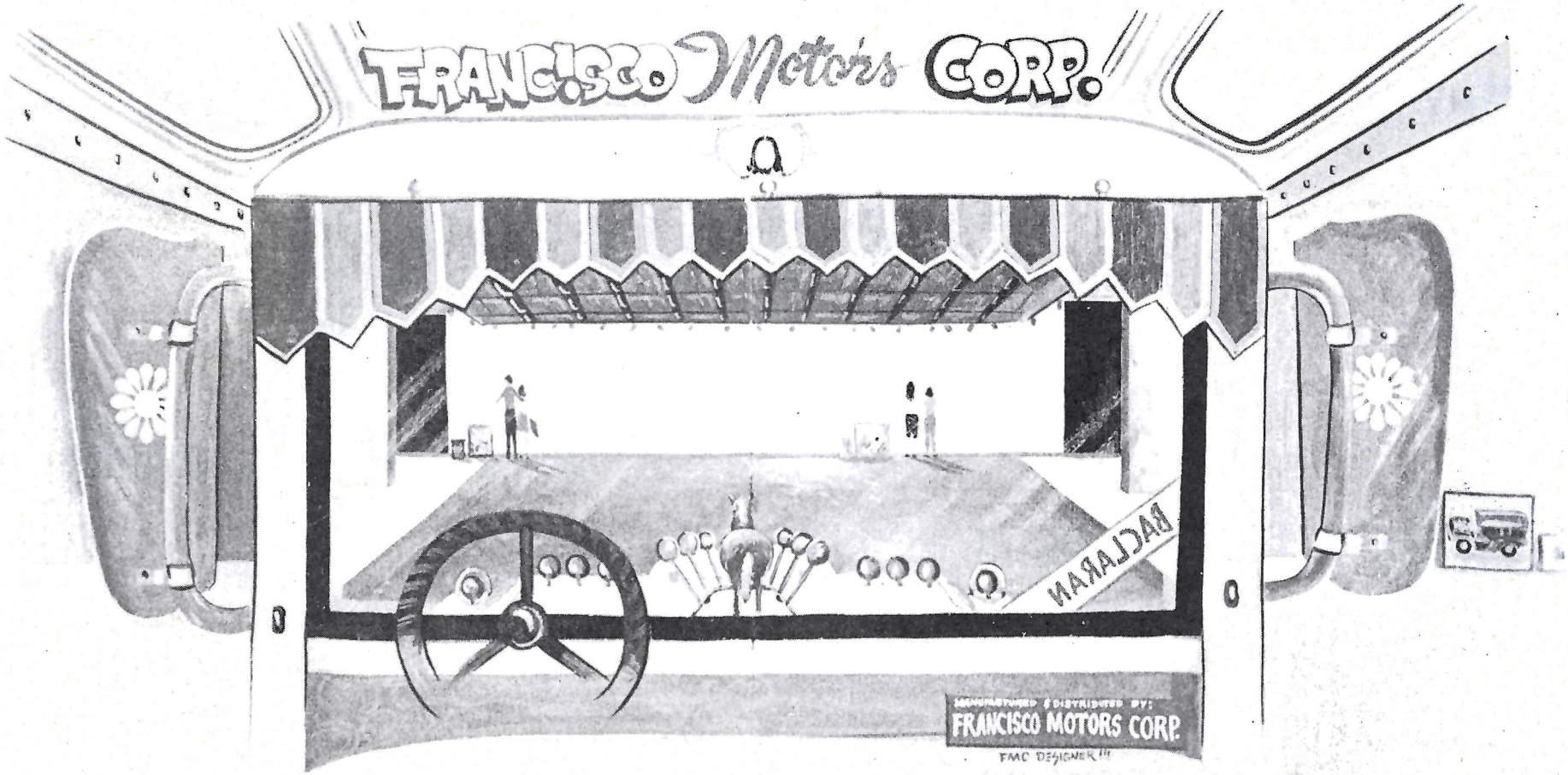
Cat. No 29

Cat. No. 72

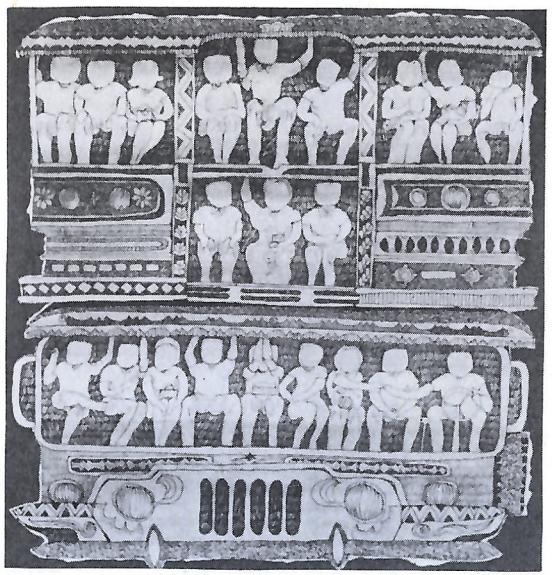
Cat. No. 19

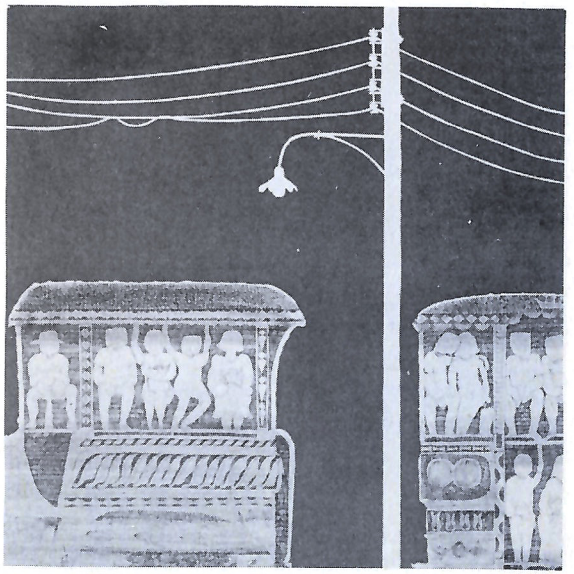
Cat. No. 44




FRANCISCO Motors CORP.
MACLARAN
MANUFACTURED & DISTRIBUTED BY:
FRANCISCO MOTORS CORP.
FMC DESIGNER

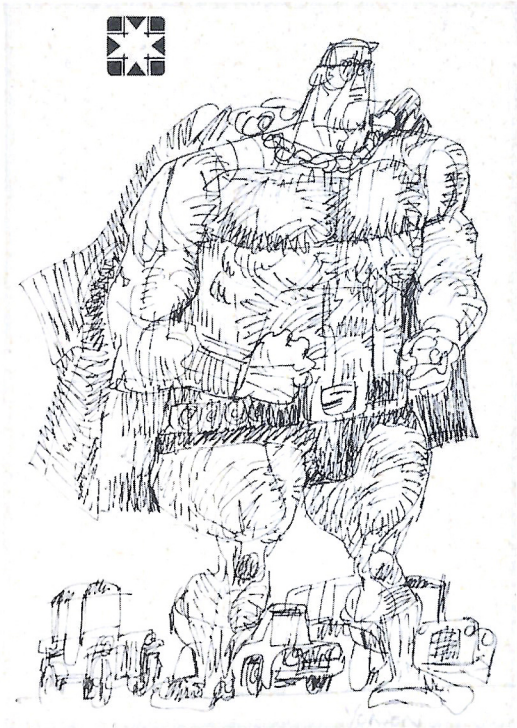
Cat. No. 82





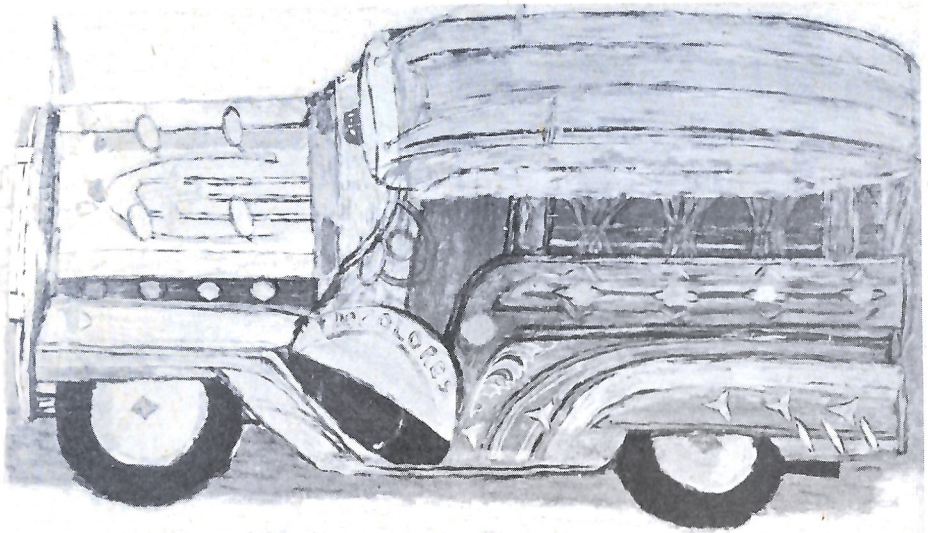
Cat. No. 25 Cat. No.12 Cat. No.36 Cat. No. 37

Cat. No. 80



Cat. No. 65

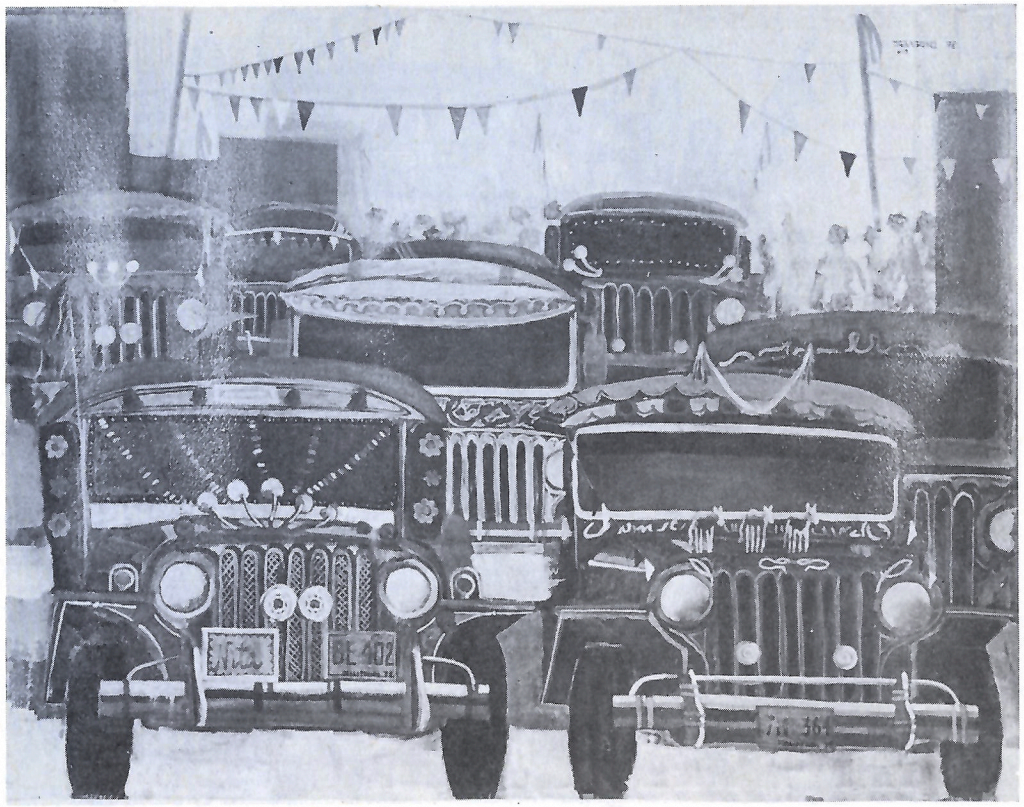
Cat. No. 50



Cat. No.7

Cat. No. 8

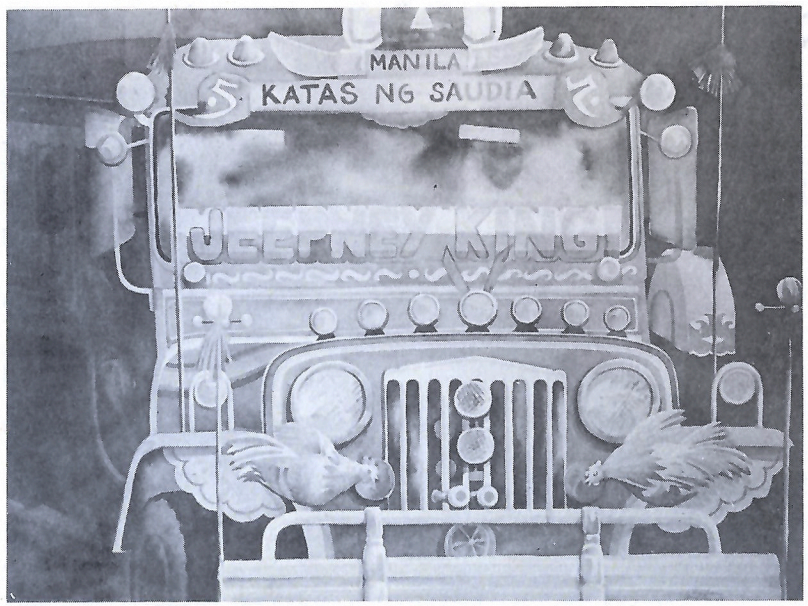
Cat. No. 9



Cat. No. 68

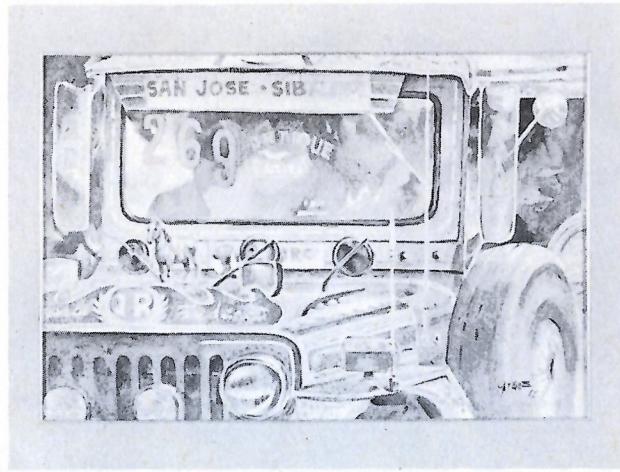
Cat. No. 30

Cat. No. 62



Cat. No. 45

Cat. No. 20



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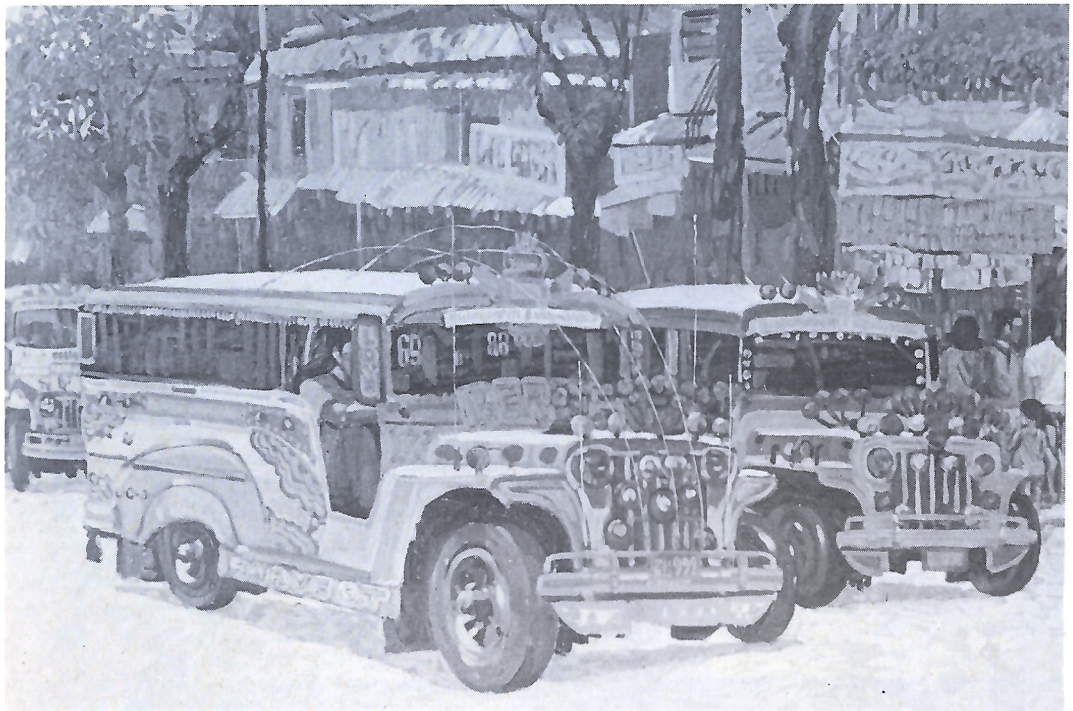

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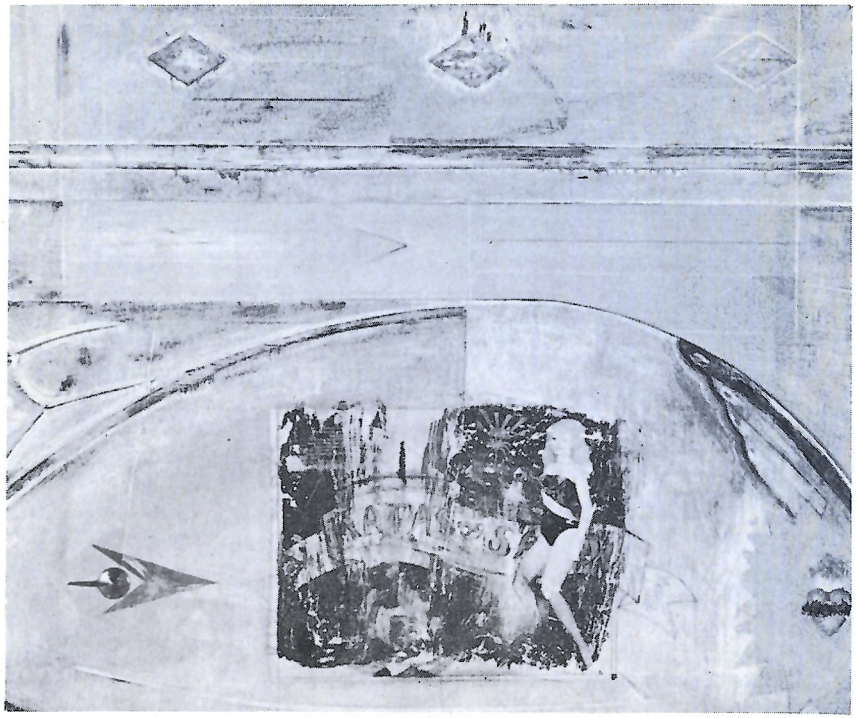

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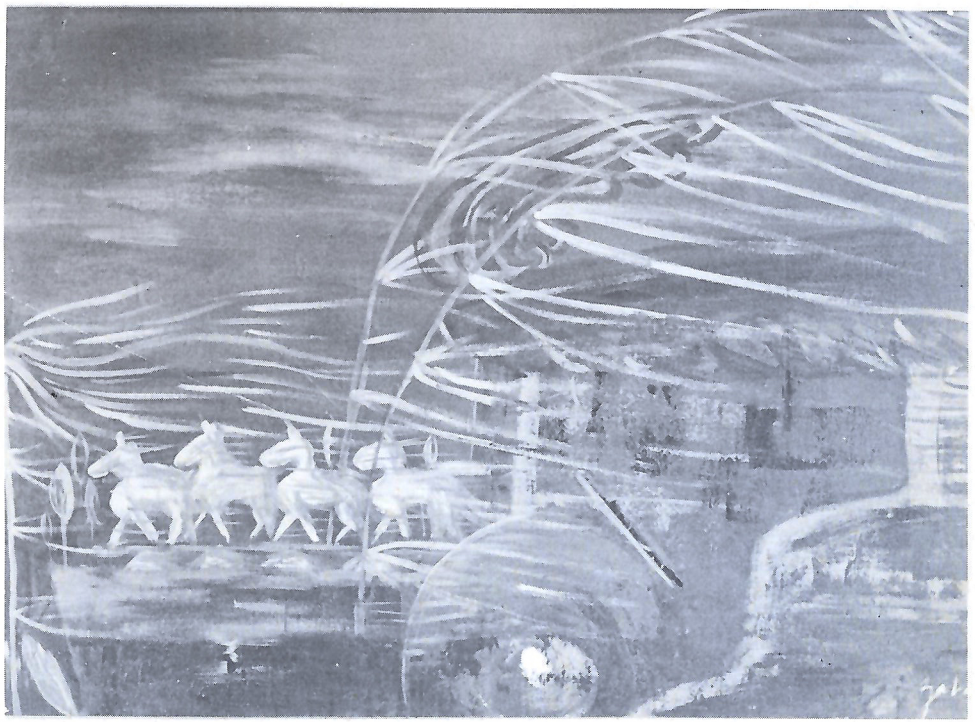
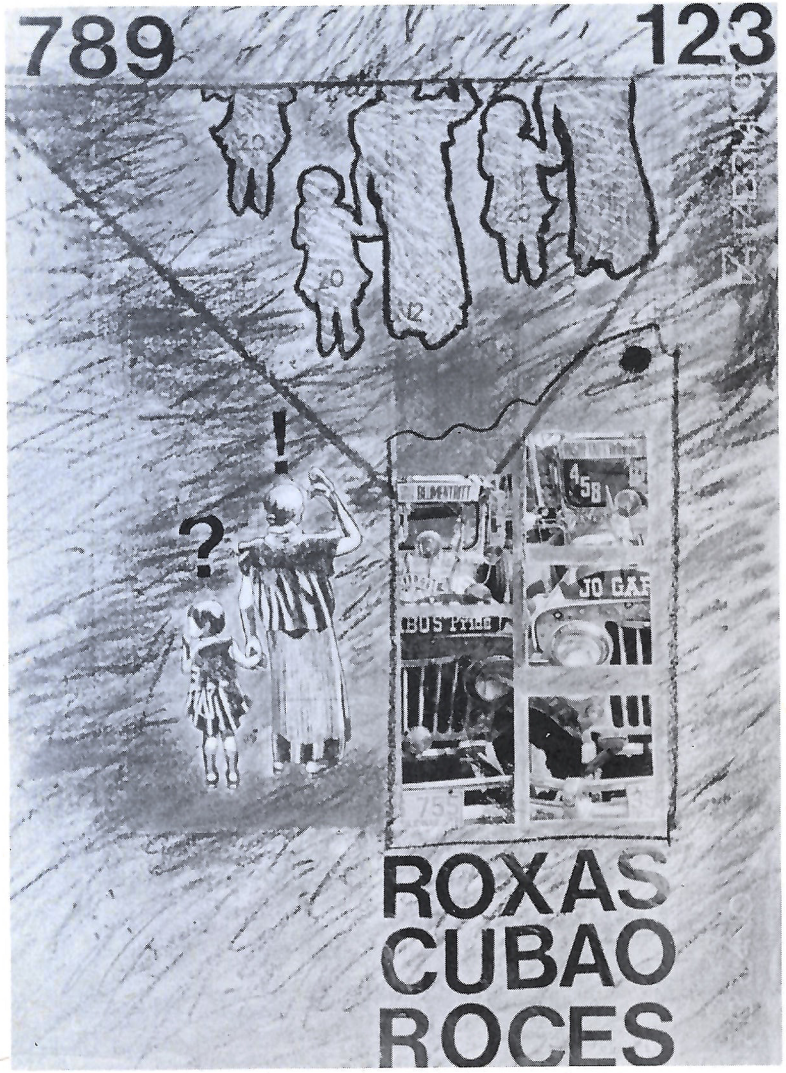
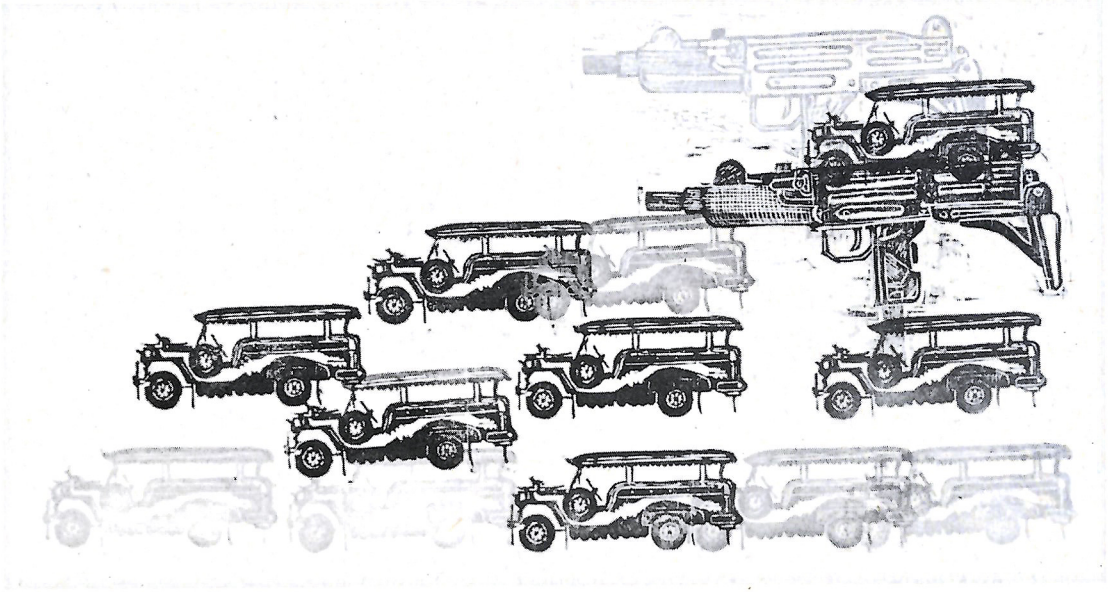
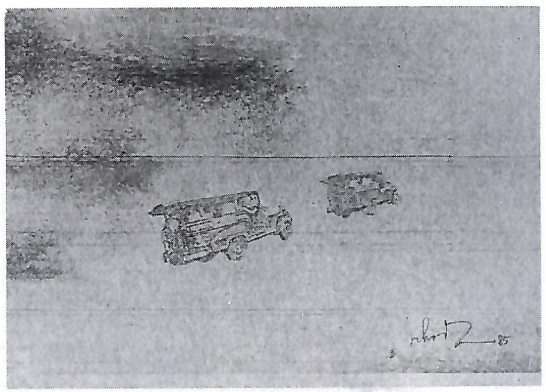
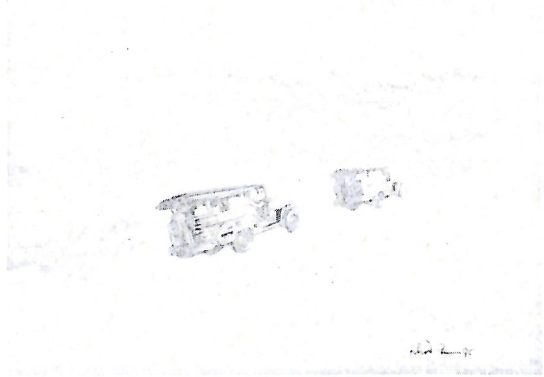


Cat. No. 81









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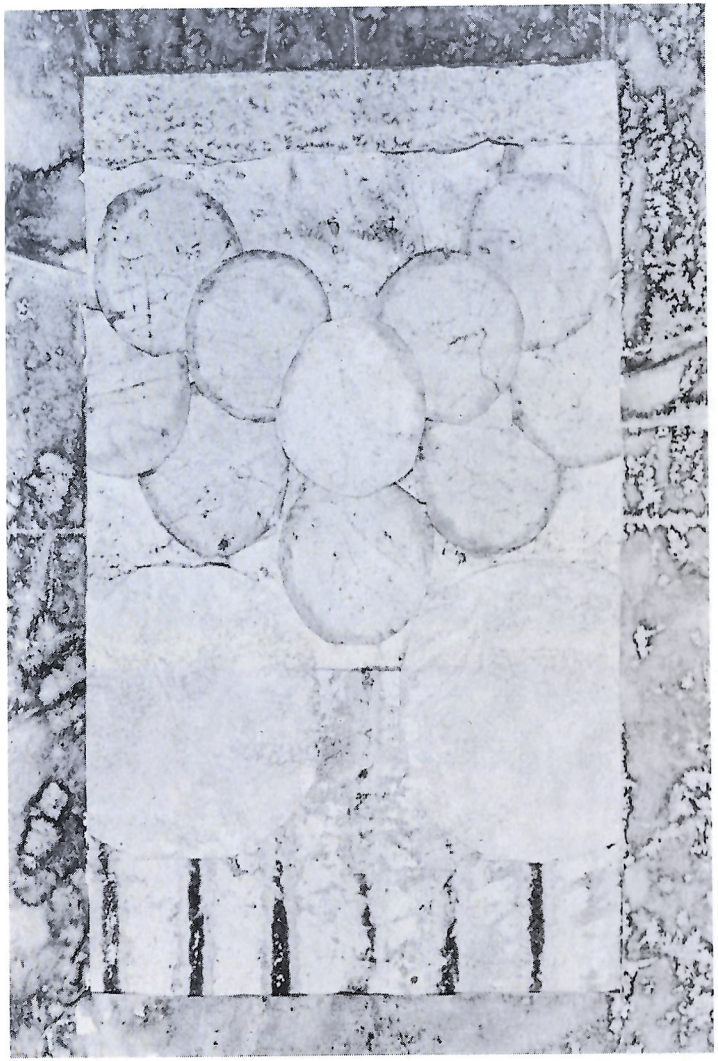
Cat. No.13

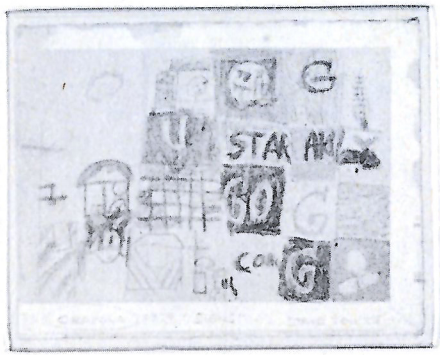
Cat. No. 59

Cat. No. 15



Cat. No. 55

Cat. No. 67



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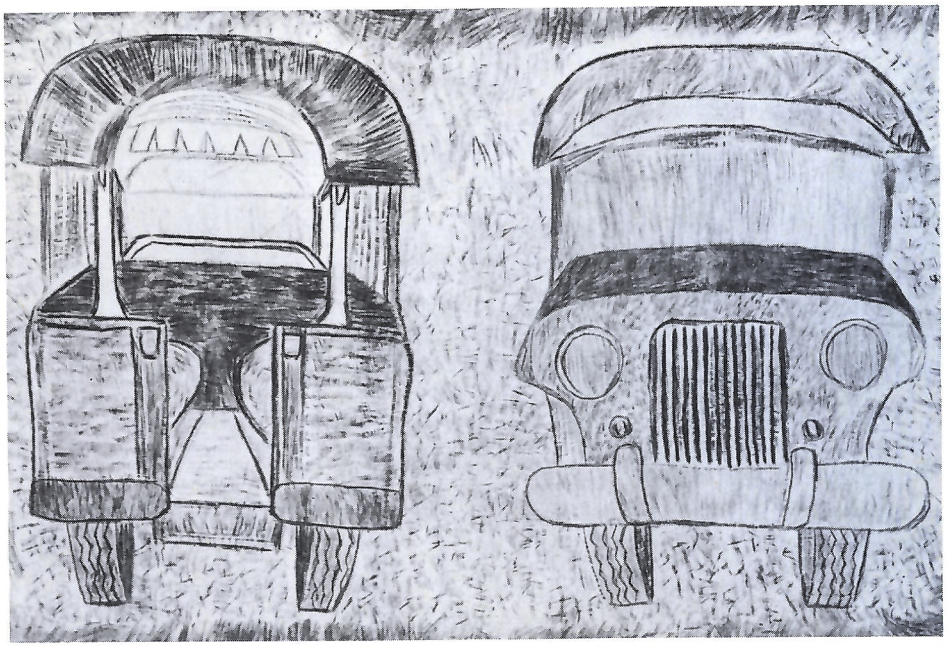
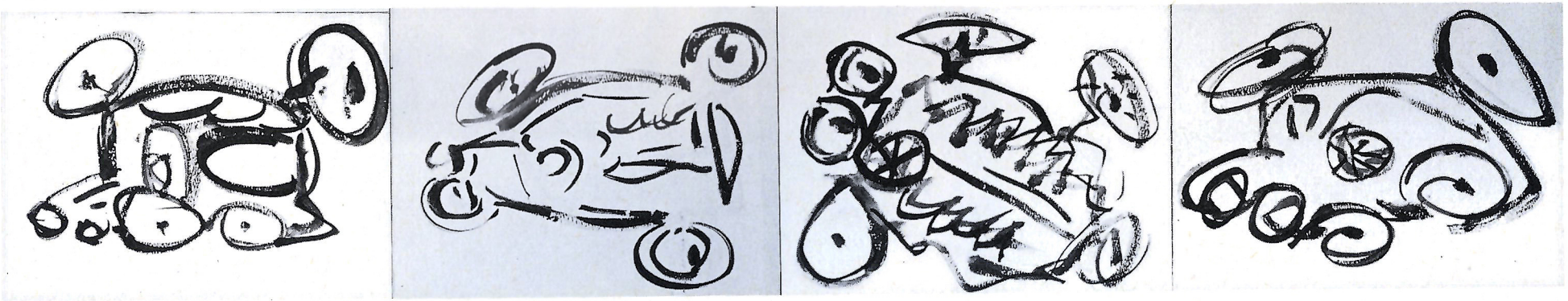
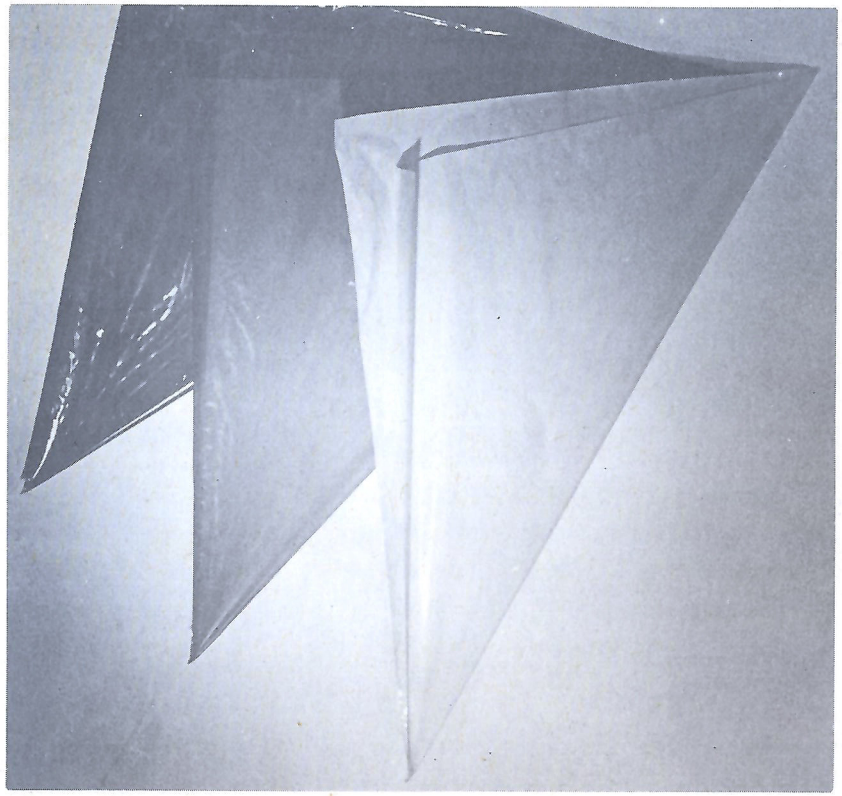
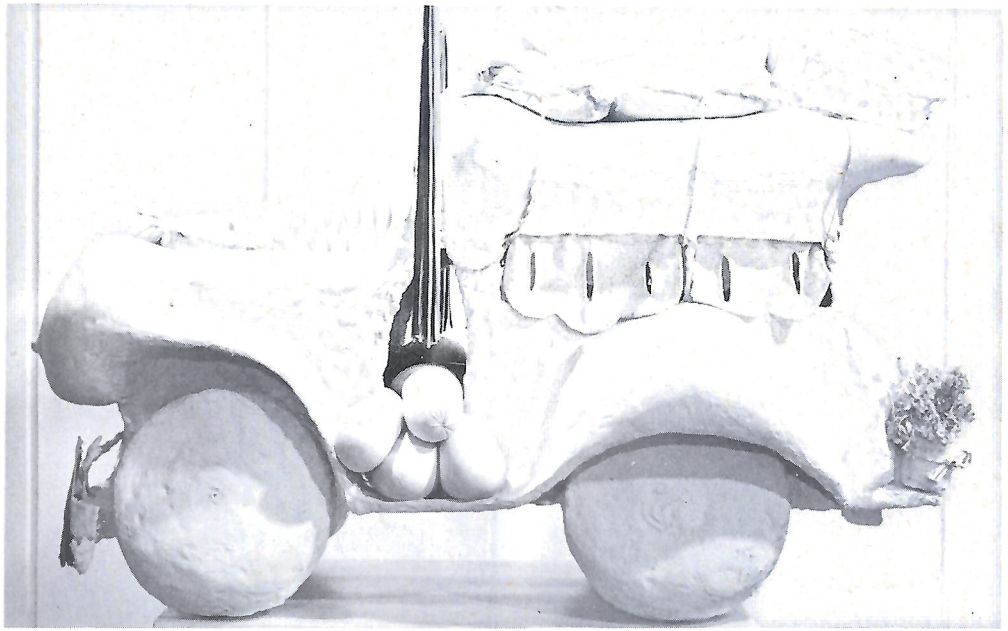
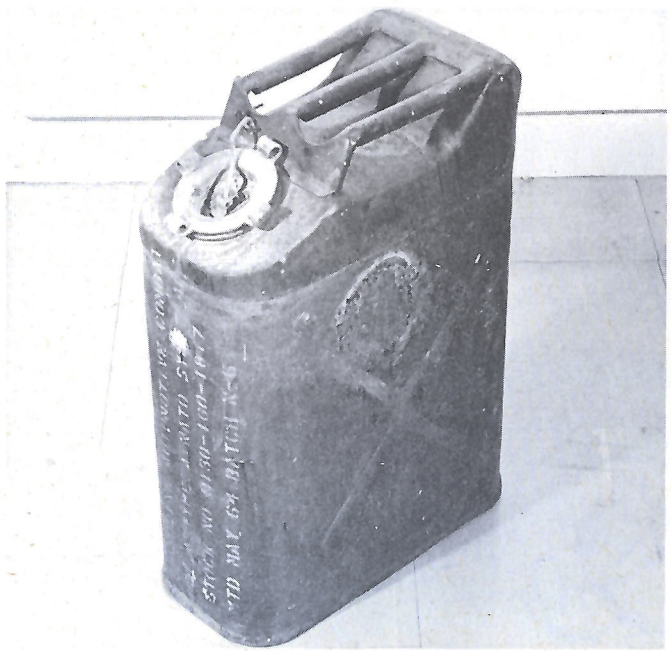




Cat. No. 77







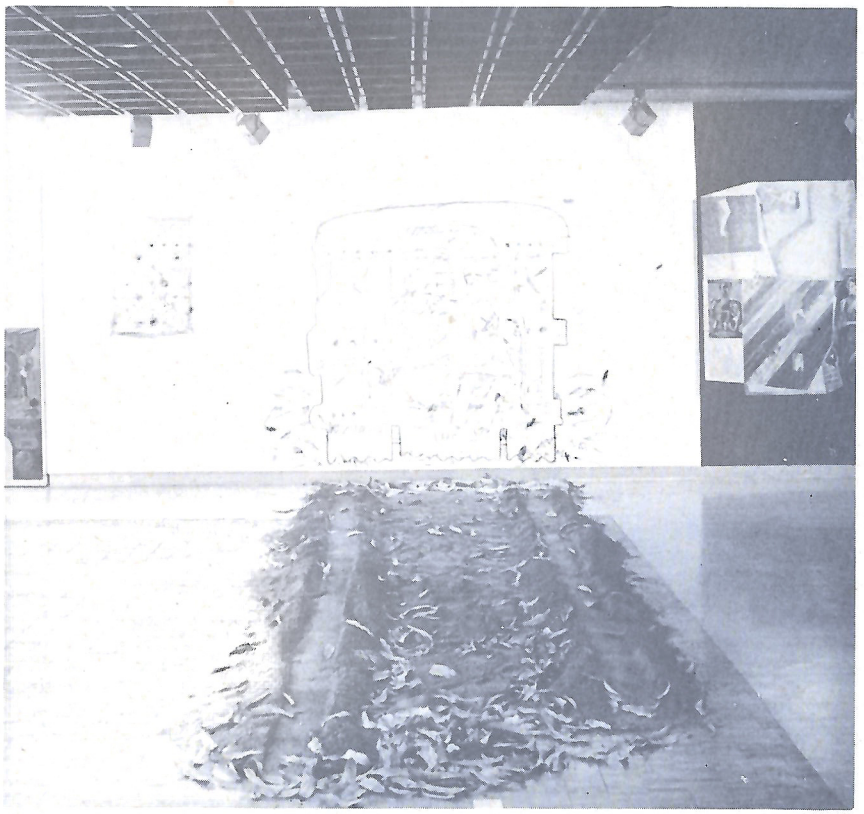
Cat. No.10

Cat. No. 6

Cat. No. 69

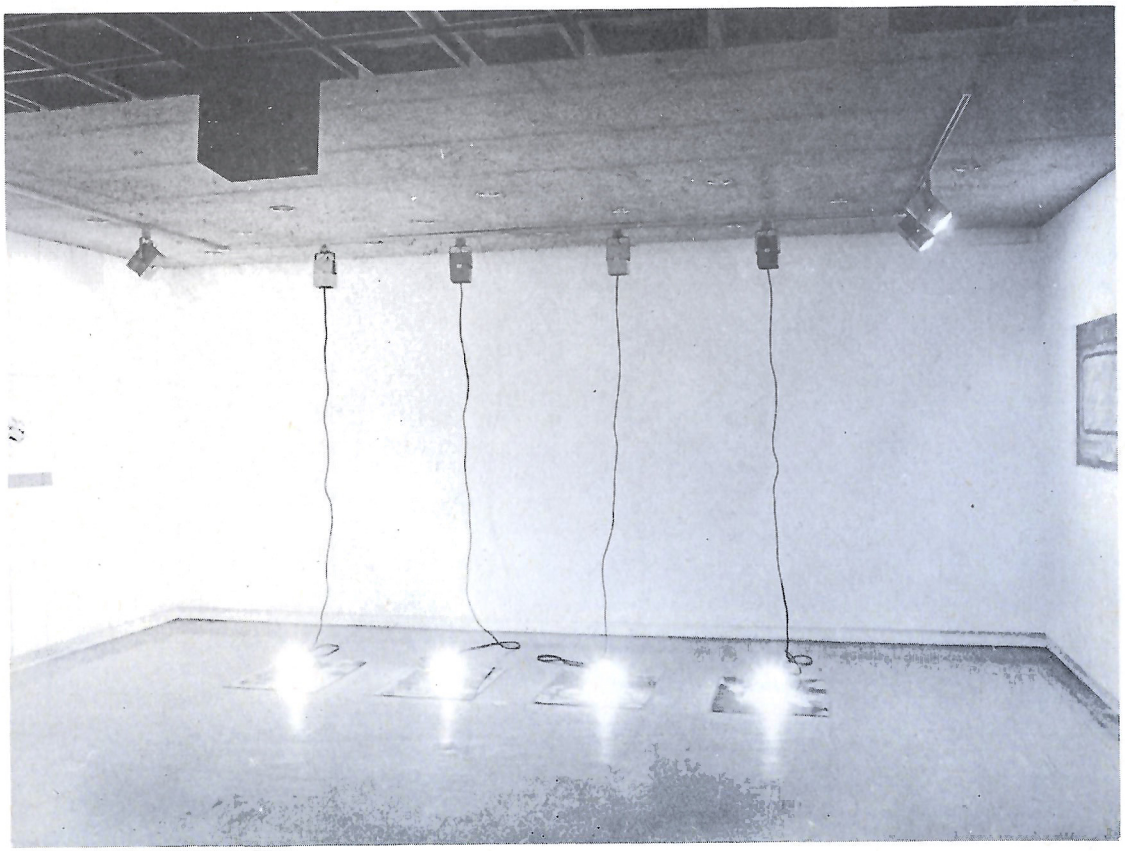
Cat. No. 48

Cat. No. 49



Cat. No. 54

Cat. No.21



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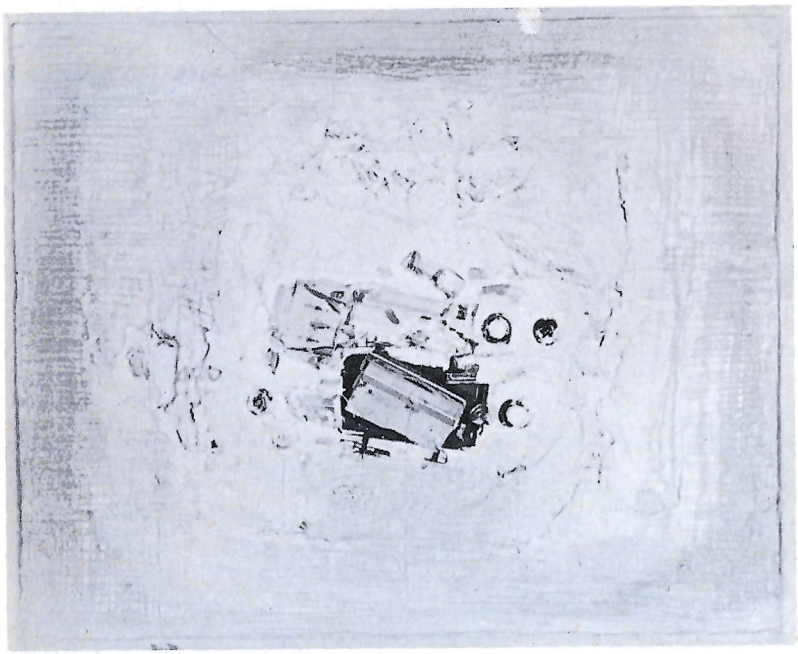
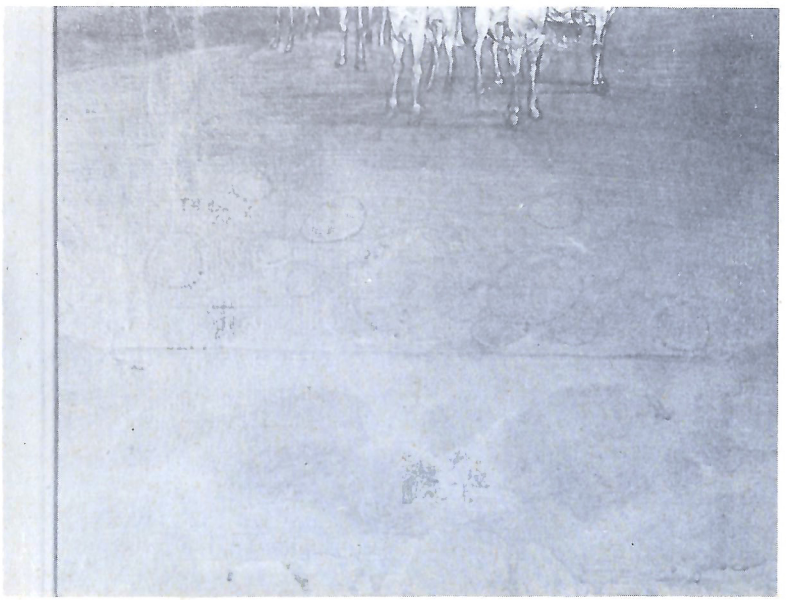
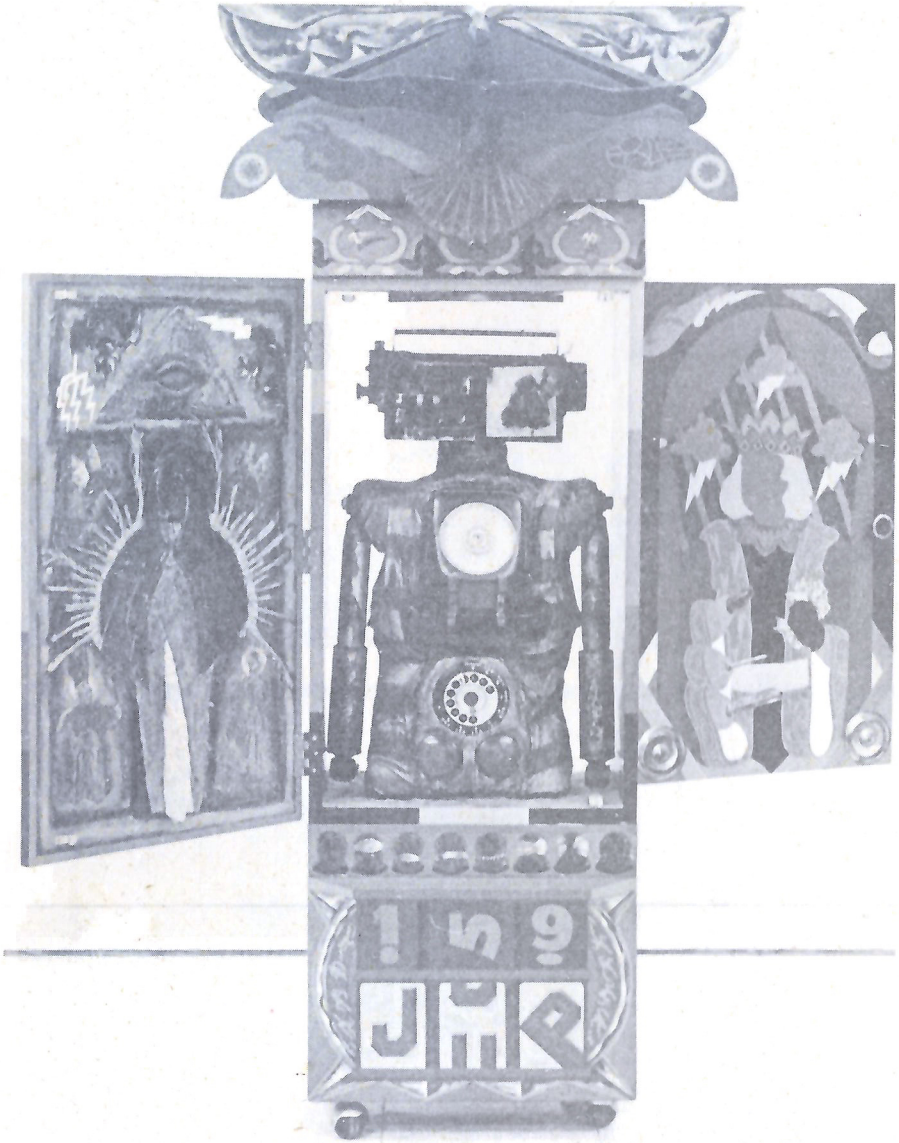




Cat. No. 60 Cat. No.23 Cat. No.14



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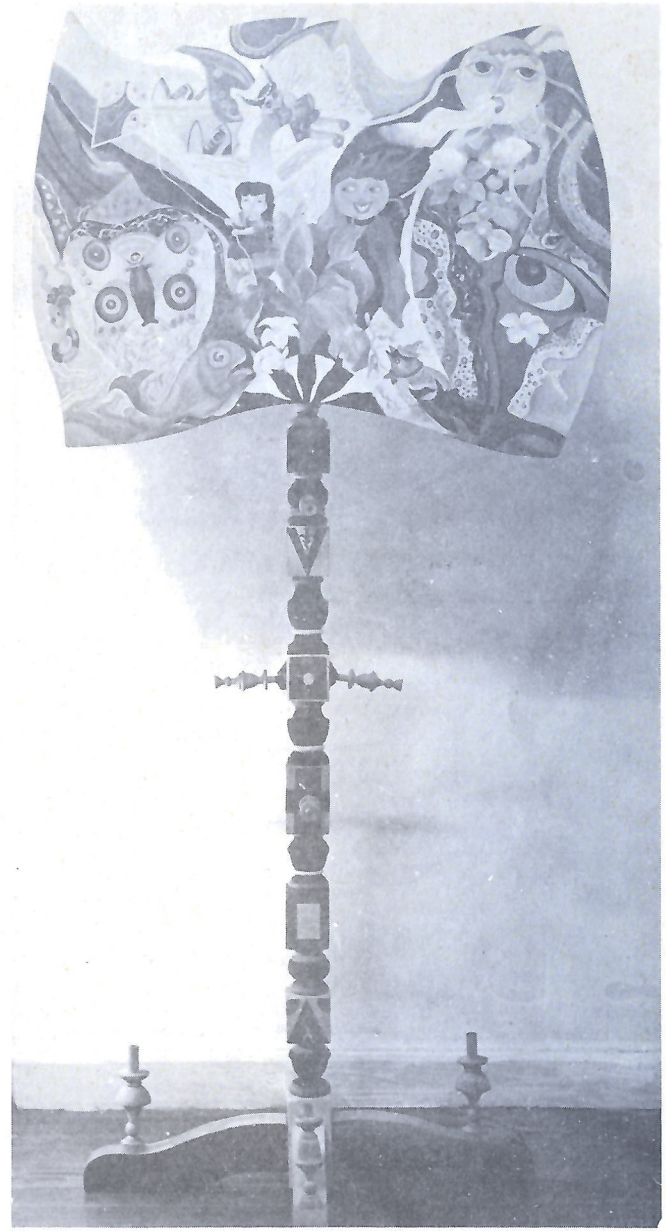

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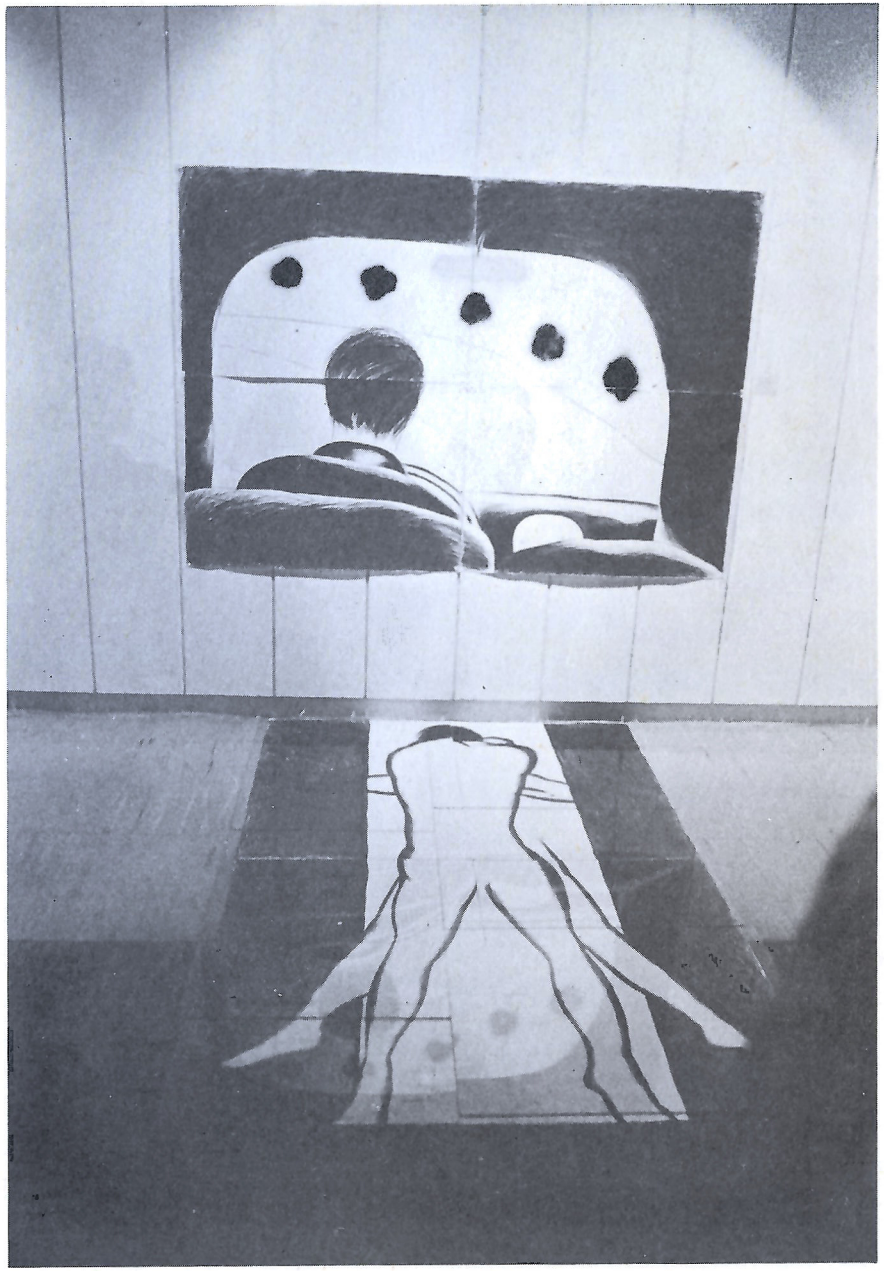
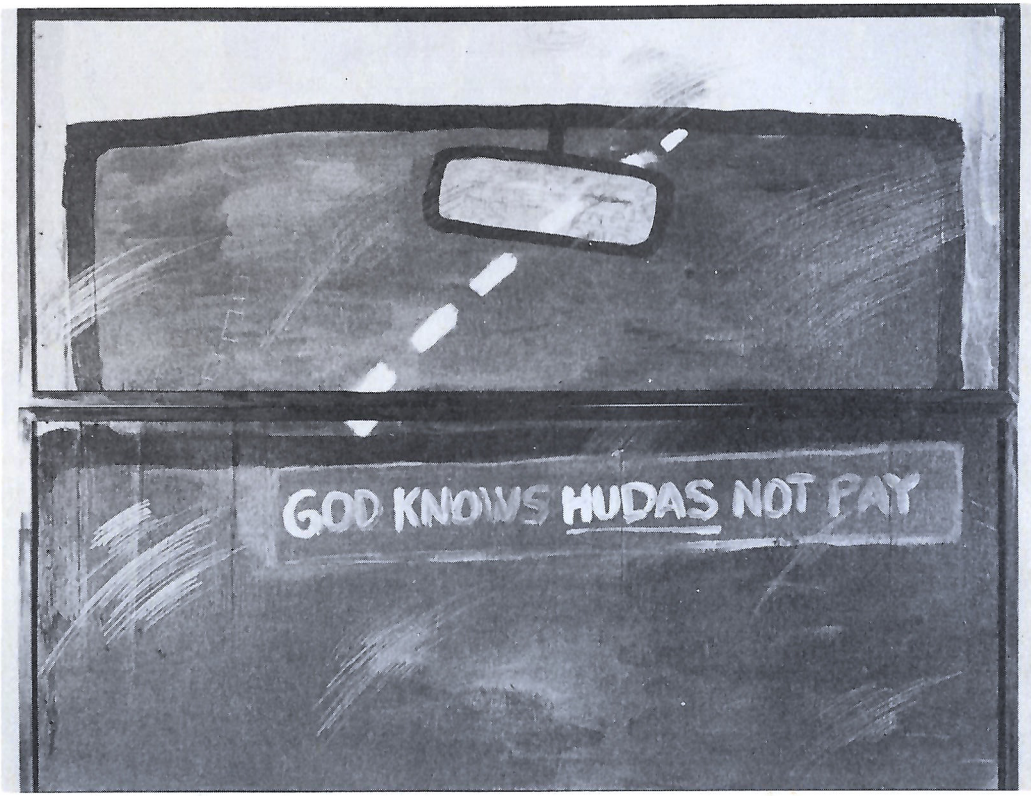


Cat. No. 53

Cat No 34



Cat. No. 56

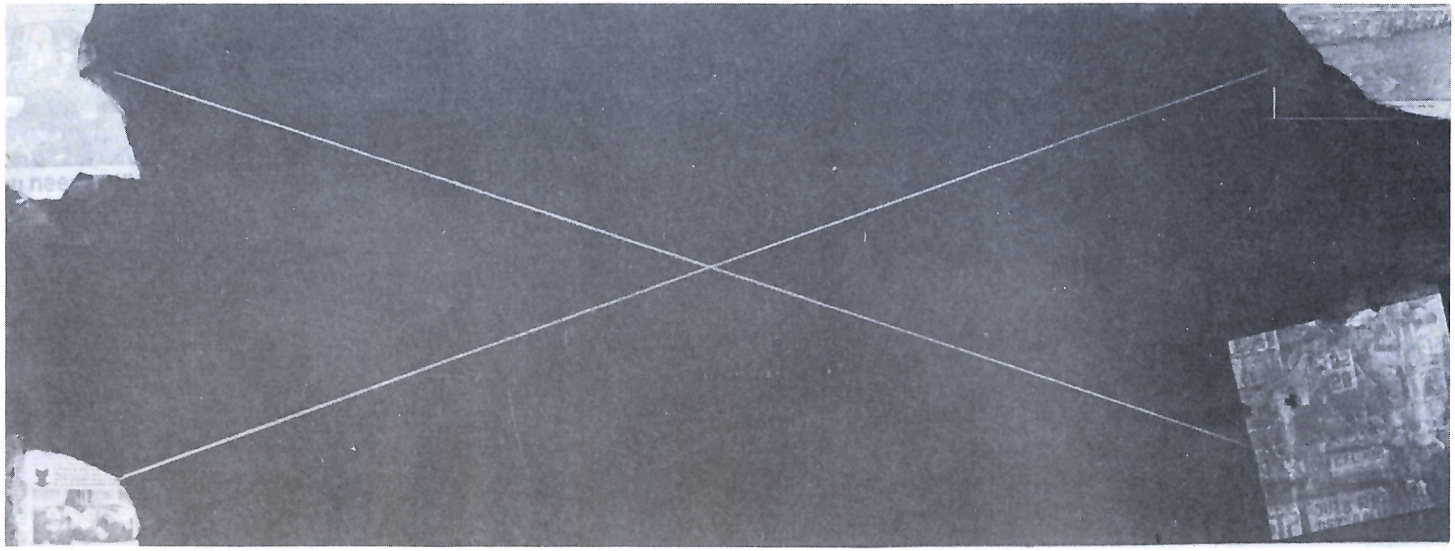
Cat. No.1

Cat. No.2

Cat. No.3

Cat. No. 33

Cat. No.24



Cat. No. 41

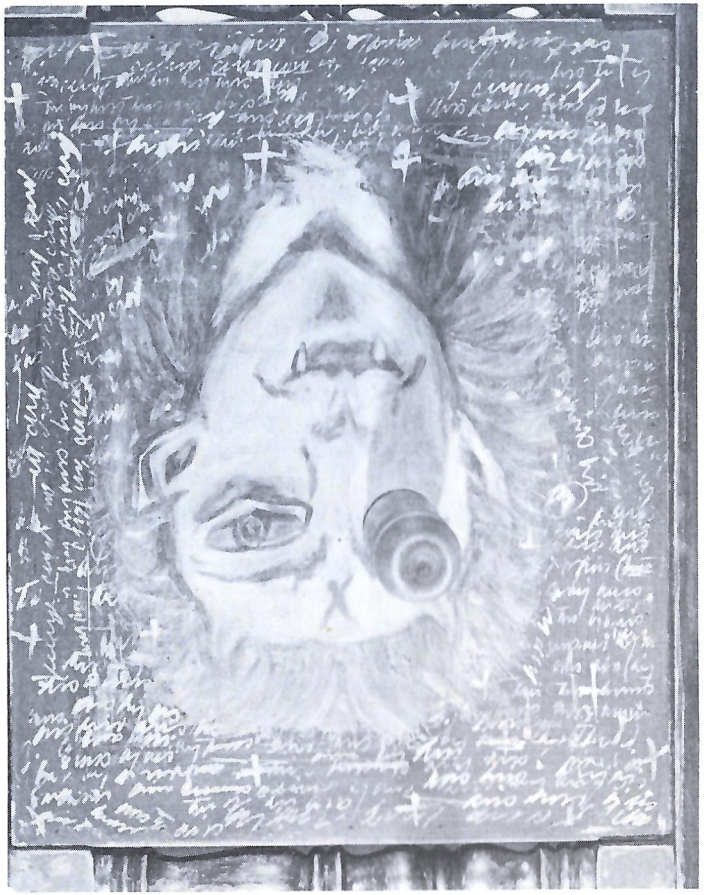
Cat. No.51

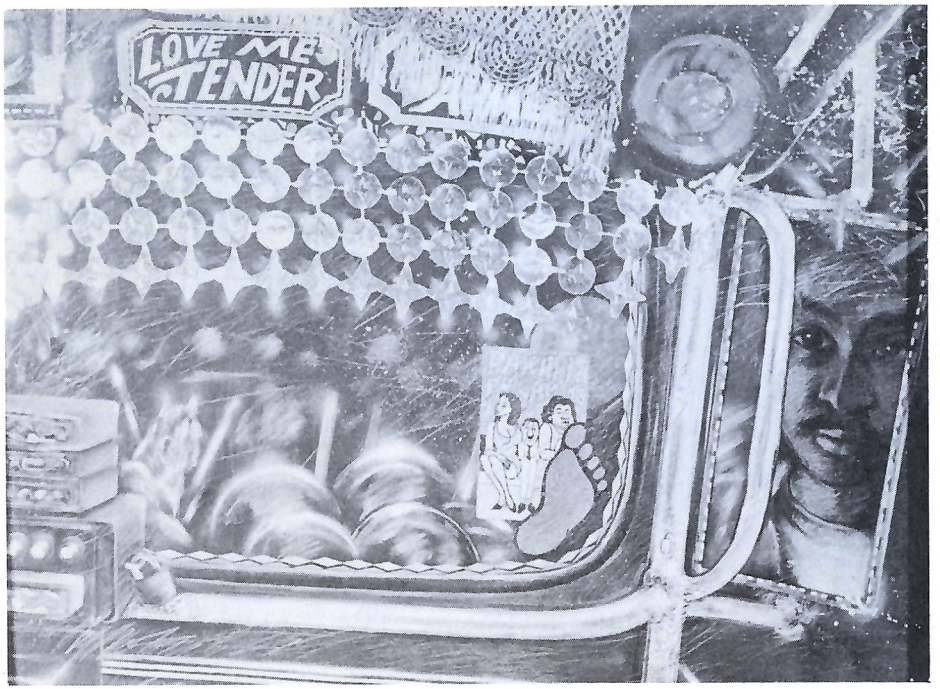
Cat. No. 73

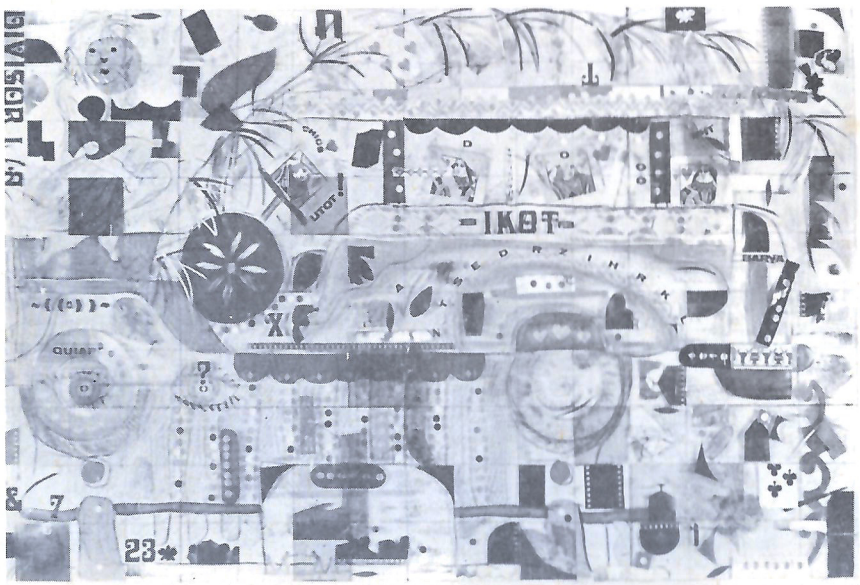
Cat. No 4

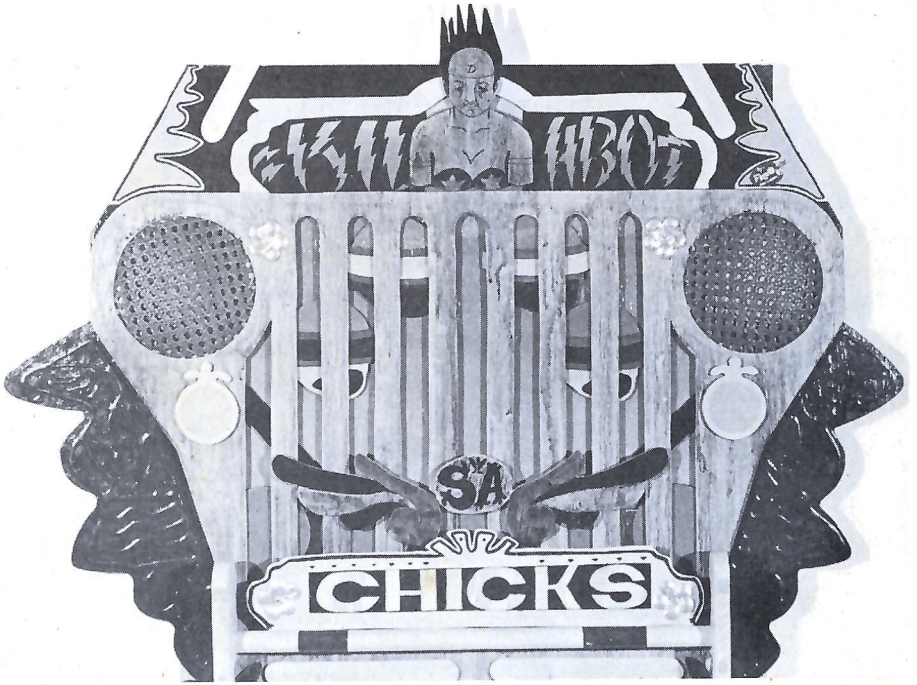
Cat. No. 47

Cat. No. 42







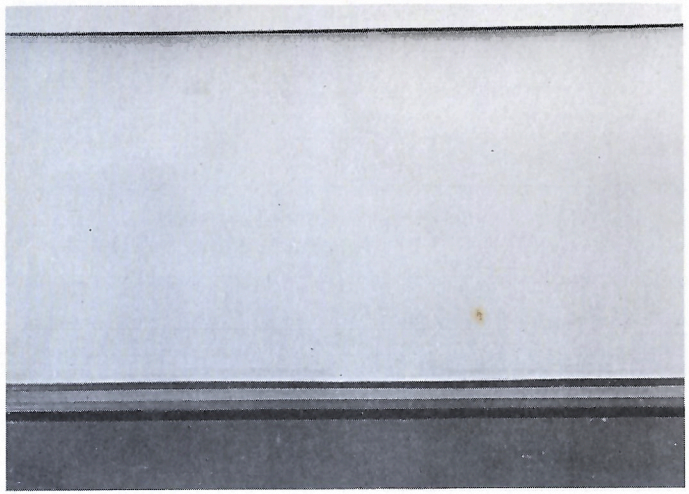


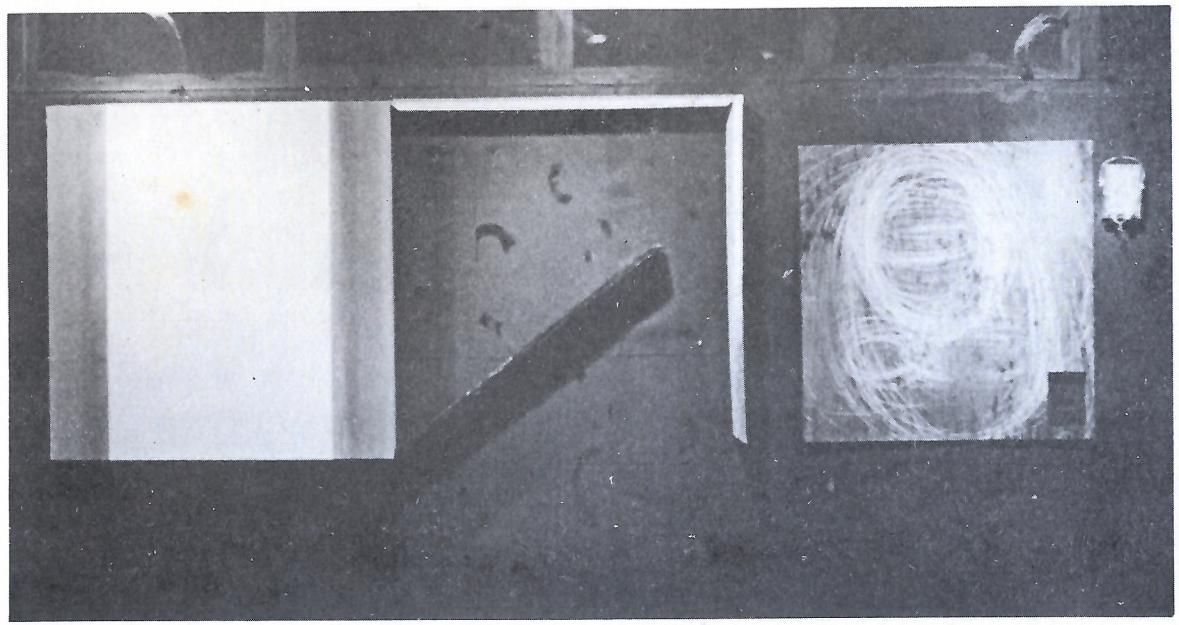
Cat. No. 18

Cat. No. 5

Cat. No. 78

Cat. No. 79





CATALOG OF WORKS

1. Pacita Abad
JEEPNEY I: SWEET AND SEXY
Gouache ink, acrylic on hand made paper
65 cm. x 31 cm.
1984

2. Pacita Abad
JEEPNEY II: VIRGIN CHASER
Gouache ink, acrylic on hand-made paper
65 cm. x 30. cm.
1984

3. Pacita Abad
JEEPNEY III: ROCK MO ON BABY
Gouache ink, acrylic on hand-made paper
69 cm. x 36. cm.
1984

4. Arnel Agawin
WAS IT THE NIGHT OR THE SMOKE?
Mixed media
44.8 cm. x 60 cm.
1985

5. Lee Aguinaldo
LINEAR HORIZONTAL STUDY # 44
Aquatech on marine plywood
51 cm. x 62.5 cm.
1978
Courtesy of Agnes Arellano and Michael Adams

6. Agnes Arellano
TIA IRMA
Mixed Media
70 cm. x 60 cm. x 100 cm.
1985

7. Antonio Austria
PUJ
Oil on wood panel
101.6 cm x 152.4 cm.
1970
CCP Collection

8. Antonio Austria
JEEPNEYS
Oil on wood panel
101.2 cm. x 127 cm.
1971
Courtesy of Mauro Malang Santos

9. Antonio Austria
JEEPNEY '85
Oil on board
117 cm. x 86.5 cm.
1985
Courtesy of Mrs. Yolanda Guce

10. Ces Avancena
VIVA CRISTO REY (ALBANO)
Vinyl with tack
Installation
1985

11. Ces Avancena
SOFT EDGE
Vinyl with tack
123 cm. x 24 cm.
1985

12. Ivi Avellana-Cosio
BORLOLOY
Assemblage
60 cm. x 78.3 cm.
1985

13. Virgilio Aviado
JEEPNEY
Woodcut
33.4 cm. x 62.8 cm.
1985

14. Armand Bacaltos
HAYOP SA KABAYO, HAYOP SA USOK
Acrylic on canvass
29.2 cm. x 36.8 cm.
1985

15. Teresa Balatbat
UNTITLED
Mixed media
110.3 cm. x 71.5 cm.
1985

16. Huge Bartolome
NOT FOR HIRE
Charcoal on blanket
182 cm. x 277 cm.
1985

17. Norma Belleza
BOSO-BOSO MAYAMOT
Oil on canvass
76.3 cm. x 121 cm.
1985

18. Benjie Cabangis
SARAO
Oil and acrylic on board
151 cm. x 121 cm.
1980
Courtesy of Mr. Jesse Bunch

19. Henri Cainglet
NIGHT SHIFT I
Oil pastel
54 cm. x 84.9 cm.
1985

20. Fernando Catague
BIYAHENG SAN JOSE
Watercolor
31 cm. x 35.4 cm.
1985

21. Roberto Chabet
"WHAT DOES IT MATTER, AS LONG AS THE WOUNDS FIT THE ARROWS."
Trouble lights, glass motor oil
Installation
1985

22. Evelyn Colantes
UNTITLED
Mixed media
48 cm. x 35.4 cm.
1985

23. Florencio Concepcion
JEEPNEY UNDER A BLACK SUN
Oil on canvas
92.2 cm. x 92.2 cm.
1985

24. Edwin Coscolluela
COLLAGE
Mixed media
40.5 cm. x 106.2 cm.
1985

25. Allan Cosio
JEEPNEY STRIKE
Oil on suede cloth
180.2 cm. x 105.5 cm.
1985

26. Allan Cosio
GORIO
Acrylic on plastic canvas
209.5 cm. x 105.5 cm.
1985

27. Danilo Dalena
PAMBALOT 4
Dried fish with paper
43.4 cm. x 35 cm.
1985

28. Roderico Jose Daroy
I DREAMT I SAW THE JEEPNEYS BUT STILL I COULDN'T GET A RIDE - FOR R.A.
Mixed media
83 cm. x 62 cm.
1985

29. Angelito David
ONGPIN ST.
Watercolor
44.5 cm. x 42.5 cm.
1973

30. Fil Delacruz
LAST TRIP-HINALAAN S.K.
Pastel on paper
63 cm. x 48.4 cm.
1985

31. Ibarra De la Rosa
JEEPNEYS
Oil on canvass
91.9 cm. x 126.5 cm.
1985

32. Ada Dacanay-De Leon
ERNIE, HETO TATLONG WHEELS PARA IBENTA MO
Relief series, printer's ink and acrylic on paper
48 cm. x 69.9 cm.
1985

33. R.M. De Leon
N.C. VOL. 147 NO. 2 p. 193
Acrylic on paper
56.1 cm. x 71.2 cm.
1975

34. Rolly De Leon
PALAWIT AT IBA PANG BORLOLOY
Oil and acrylic on canvas
183 cm. x 183 cm. (9 pcs.)
1985

35. Jun Domingo
TRIPTYCH
Mixed media
90 cm. x 90 cm.
1985

36. Rock Drillon
JEEPNEY
Acrylic on Canvas
77 cm. x 61.5 cm.
1975
Courtesy of Mr. Jose Joya

37. Rock Drilon
MANILA JEEPNEY
Acrylic on canvass
57.2 cm. x 61 cm.
1975
Courtesy of Mr. & Mrs. Dick and Josie Baldovino

38. Rock Drilon
JEEPNEY SERIES IV-25
Acrylic on canvas
50.8 cm. x 66.1 cm.
1985

39. Rock Drilon
JEEPNEY SERIES IV-26
Acrylic on canvas
50.8 cm. x 66.1 cm.
1985

40. Brenda Fajardo
ANG MGA KABAYO SA DYIPNI NI JUAN
Ink and wash drawing
49.9 cm. x 64.5 cm.
1985

41. Brenda Fajardo
ANG MGA BABAE SA DYIPNI NI JUAN
Ink and wash drawing
49.9 cm. x 64.5 cm.
1985

42. Roberto Feleo
KILABOT SA CHICKS
Mixed Media
85 cm. x 109.5 cm. x 11 cm.
1985

43. Nonoy Ferrarez
HULING BIYAHE
Acrylic on canvass
59.7 cm. x 80.4 cm.
1985

44. Danilo Garcia
ARAWAN
Pastel on Paper
48 cm. x 63 cm.
1985

45. Elmer Gernale
CUTTING TRIP
Watercolor
29 cm. x 23 cm.
1985

46. Romeo Gutierrez
TRIBUTE TO CUBISM
Oil on board
59.8 cm. x 23 cm.
1985

47. Bong de Guzman
JEEPNEY PIECES
160 colored slides collages with colored gels.
1985

48. Junyee
KALBONG GULONG
Mixed media
Installation
1985

49. Junyee
MALUWANG PA
Pentel pen
Drawing
1985

50. Cesar Legaspi
CITY MUTANT S
Oil on canvass
82 cm. x 126 cm.
1985

51. Jose Legaspi
GOD NO. 2, PRIEST, WHORE, WIFE ANONYMOUS, DYING MAN, KAZUSHI
Colored pencils and acrylic on paper
22.5 cm. x 35.5 cm.
1985

52. Lao Lianben
(EX) KING OF THE ROAD
76 cm. x 61 cm.
1985

53. Fernando Modesto
DISCOVERY OF MASTURBATION
Charcoal and enamel on paper
125.2 cm. x 179.4 (Wall)
179.4 cm. x 125.2 (floor)

54. Romulo Olazo
"LAST TRIP"
Charcoal on paper
76.2 cm. x 152.4 cm.
1985

55. Ricky Pangan
MGA SALAMIN
Natural colors
63 cm. x 95 cm.
1985

56. Rhodel Pena
BIYAHENG QUIAPO
Acrylic on wood
90 cm. x 116.5 cm. (2 pcs.)
1985

57. Raul Piedra
SUMMER WIND JOURNEY
Acrylic on canvass
90 cm. x 90 cm.
1985

58. Imelda Pilapil
JEEPNEY MAGIC
Mixed media
60 cm. x 48.5 cm.
1985

59. Rhoda Recto
HARD DAY'S JOURNEY THROUGH DAY AND NIGHT
46 cm. x 60.1 cm. (2 pcs.)
1985

60. Roberto Robles
SEPT. 5, THURSDAY, PLARIDEL, JEEPNEY
Mixed media
32.8 cm. x 25.2 cm.
1985

61. Jose Tence Ruiz
SIERDING ERDRAYB AT ANG KANYANG JEEPNEY
Mixed media
32.8 cm. x 25.2 cm.
1985

62. Ephraim Samson
JEEPNEY KING
Watercolor
55.5 cm x 76 cm.
1985

63. Mauro Malang Santos
STUDIES 1
Pen & Ink
15.8 cm. x 43.2 cm.

64. Mauro Malang Santos
STUDIES 1
Pen and Ink
15.8 cm. x 43 2 cm.

65. Mauro Malang Santos
STUDIES 3
Watercolor
15.5 cm x 9.8 cm.

66. Mauro Malang Santos
STUDIES 4
Tempera
15.3 cm. x 14.8 cm.

67. Steve Santos
"SIGNS"
Crayola
15 cm. x 20 cm.
1959

68. Lino Severino
JEEPNEY 613
Acrylic on paper
50.8 cm. x 67.5 cm.
1978

69. Judy Frya Sibayan
26 JEEPNEY PHOTOS AT 5 GALON NA KRODO, PASADA SA LABAS NG AKING BINTANA (LEON GUINTO COR. ESTRADA)
Mixed Media
Installation
1985

70. Manuel Soriano
BALIC-BALIC, ESPANA AT QUIAPO
Etching
56.7 cm. x 91 cm.
1980

71. Manuel Soriano
SASAKYANG-BAYAN
Watercolor
38 cm. x 91 cm.
1985

72. Dani Sibayan
UNTITLED
Acrylic on canvas
50 cm. x 50 cm. (2 pcs.)
1985

73. Cesare Syjuco
SI PEPOT, SECRET MARSHAL
Oil and marker pens on paper, and wood
60.5 cm. x 47.8 cm. x 34 cm
1985

74. Cesare Syjuco
100 IDENTICAL POSTCARDS FROM MYSELF TO MYSELF
Post cards, stamps, typewriting and postal system on wall
Installation
1985

75. Jean-Marie Syjuco
SARIBONGGA AT LAMANG LOOB
Painted mixed media construction
176.1 cm. x 56.7 cm. x 79.2 cm.
1985

76. Romeo Tabuena
JEEPNEY
Tempera
19 cm. x 27.5 cm.
1952

77. Aca Verzosa
JEEPNEY TRAFFIC SERIES I-V
Watercolor
105 cm. x 30.5 cm. (5 pcs.)

78. Roy Veneracion
STA. CRUZ-AVENIDA
Mixed media
147.5 c,. x 121.8 cm.
1985

79. Nestor Olarte Vinluan
JEEPNEY NO. 1
Mixed media
120 cm. x 13.8 cm.
Courtesy of Mr. Mauro Malang Santos

80. Hugo Yonzon
STUDIES †
Pen & Ink
21. cm. x 13.8 cm.
Courtesy of Mr. Mauro Malang Santos

81. Phyllis Zaballero
THE APOCALYPSE
Acrylic on canvas
91.5 cm. x 137.2 cm.
1985

82. John Penuliar
TRIP TO CCP
Automotive Lacquer on wood
2.43 m x 2.43 m.
1985

DIRECTORY OF ARTISTS

1. Pacita Abad
2345 Roberts Road,
Pasay, Metro Manila

2. Napoleon Abueva
I. Gabriela Silang St.
Tierra Verde Subdivision
Tandang Sora, Quezon City

3. Arnel Agawin
4935 Novaliches St.
Makati, Metro Manila

4. Virginia Flor Agbayani
42 Aguinaldo St.
UP Campus, Area I
Diliman, Quezon City

5. Lee Aguinaldo
3186 V. Mapa St.
Old Sta. Mesa,
Metro Manila

6. Augusto Albor
Teresa Bargielska-Albor
62 Long Beach, Merville Park
Paranaque, Metro Manila

7. Gigi Javier-Alfonso
19 V. Salazar St.
BF Homes, Quezon City

8. Dindo Angeles
2588 A. Bonifacio St.
Bangkal, Makati
Metro Manila

9. Agnes Arellano
No. 3 Starline St.
Blueridge - B
Quezon City

10. Angelito Antonio
Lot 26, Blk. 6 Bougainville St.
La Colina Subdivision
Antipolo Rizal

11. Antonio Austria
72 A. Bonifacio St.
San Juan, Metro Manila

12. Ces Avancena
25 Atok St.
Quezon City

13. Avi Avellana-Cosio
21 Gen. Capinpin St.
Antonio Village, Pasig
Metro Manila

14. Virgilio Aviado
24 West Maya Drive
Philamlife Homes
Quezon City

15. Armand Bacaltos
42 16th Avenue
Cubao, Quezon City

16. Teresa Balatbat
21 Ubay St.
Sta. Mesa Heights,
Quezon City

17. Huge Bartolome
164 Road I
Bagong Pag-Asa
Quezon City

18. Joe Bautista
Gate No. 3, Saint Martin St.
Rosalia Village No. 2
Tandang Sora, Quezon City

19. Norma Belleza
Lot 26, Blk. 6 Bougainville St.
La Colina Subdivision
Antipolo, Rizal

20. Jose Blanco
Dona Nieves St.
Angono, Rizal

21. Santiago Bose
37 Quezon Hill (Cut-off Road)
Baguio City

22. Benjie Cabangis
44-B Unang Hakbang
Galas, Quezon City

23. Lex Cachapero
2009 Ilustre St.
Sta. Cruz, Metro Manila

24. Henri Cainglet
1335 Quirino Avenue
Paco, Metro Manila

25. Norberto Carating
17 Malac St.
San Francisco del Monte
Quezon City

26. Fernando Catague
102-B Riverside
Bagong Ilog, Pasig
Metro Manila

27. Roberto Chabet
101 A. Lake St.
San Juan , Metro Manila

28. Evelyn Collantes
22 Scout Lozano
Quezon City

29. Florencio Concepcion
1328 Kundiman St.
Sampaloc, Metro Manila

30. Edwin Conscolluela
46 P. Oliveros St.
Mandaluyong, Metro Manila

31. Allan Cosio
21 Gen. Capinpin St.
Antonio Village, Pasig
Metro Manila

32. Iri Avellana Cosio
21 Gen. Capinpin St.
Antonio Village, Pasig
Metro Manila

33. Rafael Cusi
2490-A. P. Villanueva St.
Pasay, Metro Manila

34 Ginny Dandan
College of Fine Arts
University of the Phil.
Diliman Quezon City

35. Danilo Dalena
74 K First Kamuning St.
Quezon City

36. Julie Dalena
74 K First Kamuning St.
Quezon City

37. Roderico Jose Daroy
2475 Atis St. , UPSI
Paranaque, Metro Manila

38. Angelito David
12 Sicaba St.
Sta. Mesa Heights,
Quezon City

39. Fil Delacruz
4594 Casino St.
Palanan, Makati
Metro Manila

40. Ibarra De la Rosa
2447 Aurora Blvd., cor.
Kalimbas St., Sta. Cruz
Metro Manila

41. Ada Dacanay-De Leon
No. 1 De Leon St., Isidora Hills
Diliman, Quezon City

42. RM De Leon
A-1-K -Ville, Town Home
Sun Ville Subdivision
Project 6, Quezon City

43. Rolly De Leon
No. 33 Masbate St.
West Avenue, Quezon City

Teresita Francisco-Dichupa
408 Caliraya St.
New Alabang Village
Muntinlupa, Metro Manila

45. Edgar Doctor
Lot 12 Blk. 16 Dahlia St.
Dona Manueal Subdivision
Pamplona, Las Pinas
Metro Manila

46. Jun Domingo
615 Magistrado Abad Santos St.
Sta. Mesa, Metro Manila

47. Rock Drilon
108-B K 7th St.
Kamias, Quezon City

48. Imelda Cajipe Endaya
25 Thialand St.
Section 7, Better Living Subd.
Paranaque, Metro Manila

49. Brenda Fajardo
24 9th St.
Magdalena Rolling Hills
Quezon City

50. Roberto Feleo
11 London Tech University Hills
Caloocan City

51. Nonoy Ferrarez
14-A Banaag St.
Pasig, Metro Manila

52. Danny Garcia
4-C Kamias Road
Quezon City

53. Elmer Gernale
28 Mojia St.
Sterling Life Homes
Pamplona, Las Pinas
Metro Manila

54. Agustin Goy
48 West Avenue
Quezon City

55. Romeo Gutierez
No. 56 Anonas St.
Project 2, Quezon City

56. Bong de Guzman
68 Pura Kalaw St.
Tierra Homes Bella
Diliman Quezon City

57. Alejandrino G. Hufana
Bo. Culiat, Casanova Drive
Tandang Sora District
Quezon City

58. Raul Isidro
1349 Candelaria St.,
Santiago Village, Makati
Metro Manila

59. Nap Jamir II
7489 Bagtikan
San Antonio Village,
Makati, Metro Manila

60. Jose Joya
8 Col. Martelino St.
Heroes Hill,
Quezon City

61. Junyee
Campos Compound
Faculty Village
Los Banos, Laguna

62. Ang Kiukok
26 Scout Gandia St.
Quezon City

63. Cesar Legaspi
71 Wenceslao Vinzons
BF Homes II, Paranaque
Metro Manila

64. Jose Legaspi
1246 Antipolo St.
Sampaloc, Metro Manila

65. Lao Lianben
40 Joeilane St.
Levitown Subd., Better Living
Paranaque, Metro Manila

66. Alfredo Liongoren
11 New York St.
Cubao, Quezon City

67. Arturo Luz
No. 10 Recoletos Circle
Urdaneta Village, Makati
Metro Manila

68. Johnny Manahan
B3C Sunnyville Condominium
Savior St., Greenhills
San Juan, Metro Manila

69. Red Mansueto
Asian Services
5558 Boyle cor. Bautista Sts.
Palanan Makati
Metro Manila

70. Flore Manuleon
5718 Bagtikan St.
San Antonio Village
Makati, Metro Manila

71. Godofredo Mendoza
2535 Leonor Rivera St.
Sta. Cruz, Metro Manila

72. Romulo Olazo
101 Imperial St.
Cubao' Quezon City

73. Nonon Padilla
235 A. Mabini St.
Mandaluyong, Metro Manila

74. Danilo Pangan
2720-D Paterno St.
Solis, Tondo
Metro Manila

75. Ricky Pangan
137 Congressional Road
Project 8, Quezon City

76. Mario Parial
Rancho Estate 2
Block 18, Lot 11
Concepcion, Marikina
Metro Manila

77. Raul Piedra
3981 Airport Road
Paranaque, Metro Manila

78. Rhoda Recto
185 Pablo dela Cruz St.
Novaliches, Quezon City

79. Manuel (Boy) Rodriguez
36 Amelita St.
BF Homes Almanza
Las Pinas, Metro Manila

80. Roberto Robles
17 Plaridel St.
Quezon City

81. Jose Tence Ruiz
15 1st WEst Crame
San Juan, Metro Manila

82. Ephraim Samson
Block 86, Lot 19 A-Periquet
BF Homes Paranaque
Metro Manila

83. Mauro Malang Santos
17 Sulu cor. Zamboanga Sts.
West Avenue, Quezon City

84. Soler Santos
3 Sulu cor. Zambaonga Sts.
West Avenue, Quezon City

85. Steve Santos
3 Sulu cor. Zamboanga Sts.
West Avenue, Quezon City

86. Lino Severino
22 Vienna St., Merville Park
Paranaque, Metro Manila

87. Dani Sibayan
Blk. 8 Lot 18
Soldoer's Hill, Talon Dos
Las Pinas, Metro Manila

88. Judy Freya Sibayan
202 Salvacion Apts.
2504 Leon Guinto cor.
Estrada St.., Malate
Metro Manila

89. Manuel Soriano
1011 Maria Luisa St.
Sampaloc, Metro Manila

90. Jacinto Sotto
8 Ipil Place, Forbes Park
Makati, Metro Manila

91. Cesare Syjuco
1583 J.P. Laurel St.
San Miguel, Metro Manila

92. Jean-Marie Syjuco
1583 J.P. Laurel St.
San Miguel, Metro Manila

93. Gerardo Tan*
98 Scout Lozano
Diliman, Quezon City

94. Claude Tayag
33 E. Aguinaldo, Area 3
UP Diliman, Quezon City

95. Eva Toledo
Vitales Compound
Sucat, Paranaque
Metro Manila

96. Roy Veneracion
37 Tindalo Road
Pilar Village, Las PInas
Metro Manila

97. Aca Verzosa
26 Ilang-Ilang Road
Cubao, Quezon City

98. Nestor Olarte Vinluan
75 Magat Salamat St.
Project 4, Quezon City

99. Robert Villanueva
3 Petunia St., Samparo Heights
Camp 7, Baguio City

100. Perdigon Navarro Vocalan
Balaw-balaw Art Gallery
Don Justo St., Dona Justa Village Phase I
Angono, Rizal

101. Cristy Yap
Immaculate Concepcion Dormitory
Leon Guinto St., Malate
Metro Manila

102. Phyllis Zaballero
44 Conrado Benitez St.,
Cubao, Quezon City

DIRECTORY OF GALLERIES

Artist's Gallery
190 A. Aguirre Ave.
BF Homes Paranaque
Metro Manila

Artline
Manila Midtown Hotel
Pedro Gil cor M. Adriatico Sts.
Ermita, Metro Manila
57-39-11

Ateneo Art Gallery
Katipunan Road, Loyola Heights,
Quezon City
98-25-41, 99-87-21

Ayala Museum
Gallery III
Makati Avenue,
Makati, Metro Manila
89-98-89, 89-98-66, 89-99-25

Balaw-Balaw Art Gallery
Dona Justa Subdivision Phase I
Agono, Rizal
(109) 21163, 21171

City Gallery
Rizal Park (near Manila Hotel)
Metro Manila

De La Salle University Art Gallery
2401 Taft Avenue,
Metro Manila
50-46-11 loc 52

Diliman Gallery
Interneighborhood Road
Diliman, Quezon City
99-25-67

EmCee Art Gallery
New York cor. Maryland Sts.
Cubao, Quezon City

Faculty Art Gallery
Vargas Museum
University of the Philippines
Diliman, Quezon City
97-60-61

Finale Art File
Sunvar Plaza
Pasay Road, Makati
Metro Manila
815-18-13

Galeria Piccolita
942 Ideal St.
Mandaluyong, Metro Manila
79-02-69, 79-10-34

Galerie Bleue
6th Floor, Rustan's Bldg.
Makati Comercial Center
Makati, Metro Manila
88-14-26

Galerie Duemila
210 Loring St.
Pasay, Metro Manila
831-99-90, 833-98-15

Galerie Jupiter
74 Jupiter St.
Bel-Air, Makati
Metro Manila
88-01-17

Gallery Genesis
718 Shaw Blvd.
Mandaluyong, Metro Manila
79-48-06, 79-48-92

Goethe Institut Art Gallery
German Cultural Center
687 Aurora Blvd.
Quezon City
78-93-78, 70-94-61, 70-95-05

Greenhills Creative Child Center
Children's Art Gallery
Rm. 208 PCI Bank Arcade
Greenhills Commercial Center
San Juan, Metro Manila
721-10-98

Heritage Art Center
No. 6 Williams cor. Lantana Sts.
Cubao, Quezon City

Hiraya Gallery
530 United Nations Ave.
Ermita, Metro Manila
59-42-23

Kawilihan Art Gallery
241 Shaw Blvd.
Mandaluyong, Metro Manila
79-18-87

Kultura Art Gallery
33 Victoria Ave.
New Manila, Quezon City
721-01-89

Liongorean Art Gallery
111 New York St.
Cubao, Quezon City

Lopez Museum
10 Lancaster Ave.
Pasay, Metro Manila

Luz Gallery
448 Efipanio de los Santos Ave.
Makati, Metro Manila
88-35-58

Manila Hilton Art Gallery
Manila Hilton Hotel
United Nations Ave.
Ermita , Metro Manila
57-37-11

Metropolitan Museum
Central Bank Complex
Roxas Blvd., Metro Manila
832-36-45

Museum of Philippines Art
Roxas Blvd. cor. T.M. Kalaw St.
Metro Manila
58-73-65

National Museum
Executive House, P. Burgos Drive
Ermita, Metro Manila
85-77-57

Osmundo Gallery
Manila Garden Hotel
Epifanio de los Santos Ave.
Makati, Metro Manila
85-79-11

Penguin Cafe and Gallery
604 Remedios St.,
Malate, Metro Manila
521-20-88

Pinaglabanan Galleries
152-154 J Arellano St.
San Juan, Metro Manila
70-53-18

Print Collections
1360 Leon Guinto St.
Ermita, Metro Manila
50-45-07

Rear Room Gallery
2121 A. Mabini St.
Malate, Metro Manila
59-67-41

Sining Kamalig
2160 Taft Avenue Ext.
Pasay, Metro Manila
833-93-12

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Special thanks to

Francisco Motor Corporation
Rey Francisco
John Penuliar
Philippine Convention Bureau
Ballet Philippines
Ateneo Art Gallery
Hiraya Gallery
Leonardo Sarao
Malang Santos
Blade Bigornia
Ige Ramos
Jaime Lim
Soliman Cruz
Isabelo Cangson
Catsch Catoy
Monino Duque
Center Camera Club
Zone V Camera Club
Vera Reyes Inc
Jewel Print
Teodoro Hilado
Rudy Matriano
Judy Sibayan
Marian Pastor Roces

The Jeepney prototype was constructed by the Museum staff headed by Mr. Herminio Barredo

The following artists contributed to the decor of the prototype;
Cesar Legaspi, Romulo Olazo, Mauro Malang Santos, Phyllis Zaballero, Pacita Abad, Cesare Syjuco, Jean Marie Syjuco, Nestor Vinluan, Roy Veneracion, Ces Avanceña, Arnel Agawin, Jose Tence Ruiz, Benji Cabangis

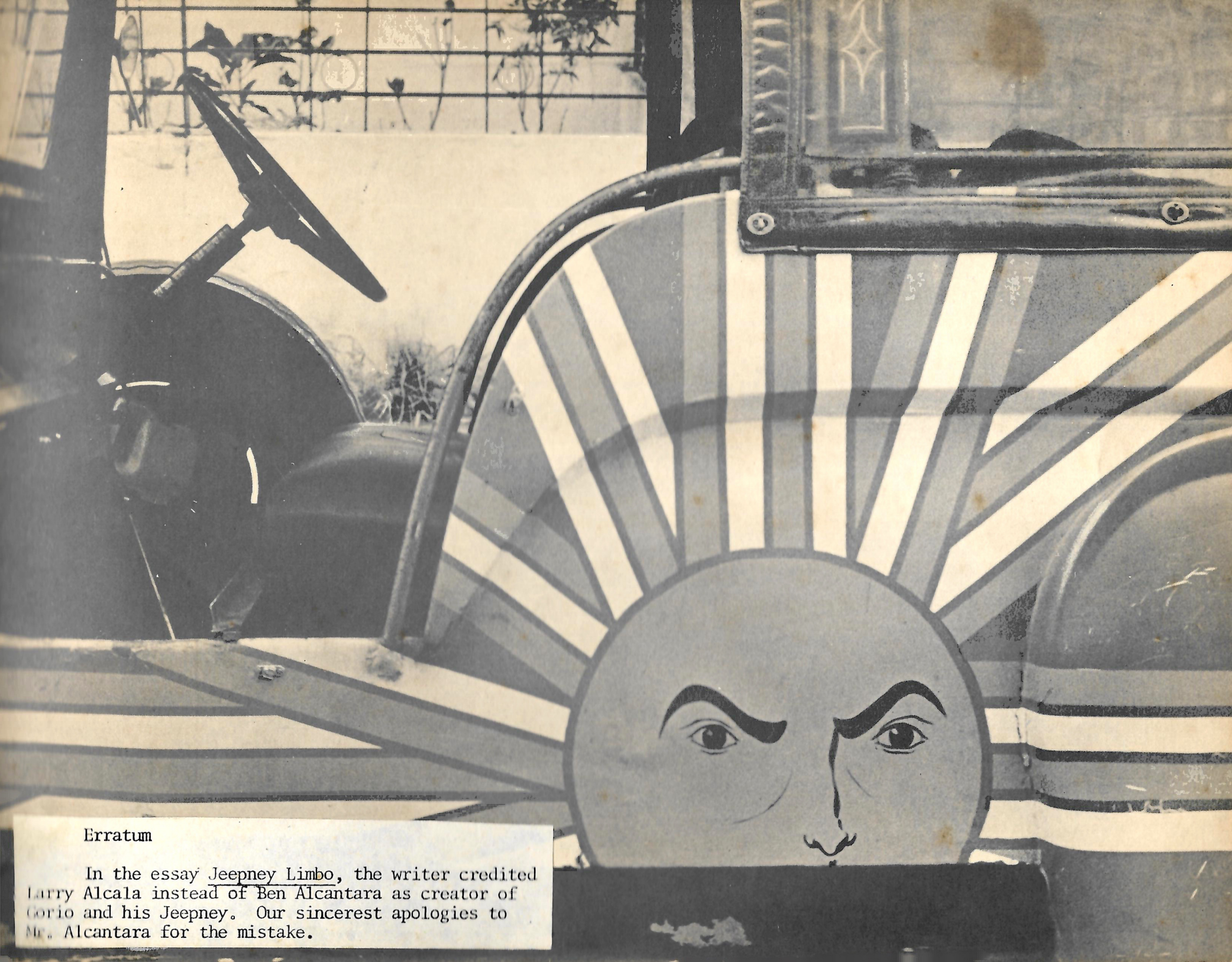
The papier mache and jeepney logo were constructed and painted by Julie Abella, Rhodel Pena, and John Penuliar

Poster and logo design by Romulo Olazo

Mr. Ed Santiago provided photo slides used in the book entitled *Jeepney* by Emmanuel Torres.

STAFF

Museum Curator	Nonon Padilla
Asst. Curators	Juliana Abella
	Belinda Bautista
Registrar	Roger Roaring
Graphic Artist	Rhodel Ocampo Peña
Photography	Mario Pamintuan
	Boarnerjes Medina
	Julio Sambajon
Conservator	Manual Santiago
Liason	Ernesto Caballero
Installation	Bernardo S. Requinala
	Herminio Barredo
Museum Services	Wilma Cabillon
	Vynette Filart
Promotions	Ronni Tapia
Promo. Coordinator	Vic Vera Cruz
Broadcast Asst.	Marlyn de Asis
Maintenance	Susan Pituc
Errands	Fe Cortes
Video/P.A.	Isabelo Cangson
Opening facilicites	Max Guevarra
Security	Eduardo Hernandez
	Crisanto Borja
Logo Design	Romulo Olazo
Printing	Jewel Print
	Vera-Reyes, Inc.
Text	Marian Pastor Roces



Erratum

In the essay Jeepney Limbo, the writer credited Larry Alcala instead of Ben Alcantara as creator of Gorio and his Jeepney. Our sincerest apologies to Mr. Alcantara for the mistake.

SAN JUAN STA. MESA DIVISORIA
NWD-902
BASTA KABIT WALANG SABIT